

THE

MIRROR MAGAZINE.

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NECESSITY FOR FINANCIAL REFORM.

THERE is a movement going on throughout the country which the oligarchy and the servile portion of the press are striving with much industry to arrest.. It has at length been discovered that if the government of the United Kingdom and its dependencies can be carried on with a decrease of ten millions in the national expenditure, there must now exist a system of enormous extravagance which it will be well to put an end to while there is time. Financial reform, therefore, is the topic of the day, and from all quarters the public ear is assailed with accounts of wrongs, grievances, profuse expenditure, and reckless waste. We find the members of the oligarchy taxing the country to an unnatural degree, oppressing the industrious classes, from the meanest artizan to the struggling professional man; forcing even the beggar, if he enjoy a single comfort on his bed of starvation, to pay tax for it—in short, committing wholesale robbery on those whose industry has earned them an income, and picking small contributions from the houseless wretch whom misfortune—or, more properly, the injustice of Government, has reduced to beggary.

Mr. Cobden has merited the thanks of the entire nation by the bold and well-timed scheme of Financial Reform which he has introduced to our notice. By his plan ten millions of taxes will be remitted, and one million and a-half taken out of the pockets of the fraudulent oligarchy; so that the country will be spared the burden of eleven millions and a-half sterling per annum. Into the details of the plan we shall not enter at much length; Mr. Cobden's budget has been universally diffused, if not universally read. All that we shall here attempt is to show the necessity for this retrenchment, and the justice of forcing the titled occupants of the upper House to contribute their share towards supporting the burdens of the community—burdens which are at present overwhelming the population of the united empire.

People are apt to read with horror the descriptions afforded by travellers of the scenes to be witnessed on the banks of the Nile, in the native states of India, or in other countries subject to a ferocious and greedy despotism. A few mud huts, perhaps, without furniture, without apertures for light or smoke, peopled by a number of miserable creatures, who live from day to day on the scanty remnant which is left them when the tax-gatherer has been satisfied, and lie down on the bare earth at night without knowing whether the next may not see them driven even from beneath that humble roof. These men live in the midst of fertile lands, with a noble river flowing near at hand, so that, allowed to develop their natural energies and the natural resources of their soil, they might thrive and live prosperously, paying their share into the public treasury, and laying by a store for old age. But the tax-gatherer is constantly at work; he snatches the poor peasant's earnings—leaves him just enough to maintain his own life, with the lives of his wife and children, and clutches the rest for the rulers and the

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nobles of the land; so that no man is urged by ambition to be industrious, for were the unhappy labourer to save money he must bury it in a pot beneath the earth, without hope of being allowed to use it, or deliver it into the hands of his greedy governors.

And what do these governors perform in return for the taxes they receive? They rule the country—that is to say, spend a sum on soldiers, a sum perhaps on sailors and a navy, and a sum on an inefficient system of internal administration. The rest they spend on themselves.

But it may be said this is a picture drawn from society in a distant country, not civilised, governed by barbarous rulers, and peopled by an ignorant and debased race of men. This is true. But let our readers visit several villages which lie on the property of noble lords here at home, and see what difference there exists between the dwellers in those wretched places of poverty and the mud cottages on the banks of the Nile. The inhabitants unable to read or write, without a knowledge of religion, encompassed with filth, and with the whole atmosphere infected with frightful miasmata, without sufficient food to eat, without even pure water to drink, and without the means of cleansing themselves and preserving health in their domiciles,—these poor people indeed form a proper example of English civilisation. And were it not that charity is ever awake, and that there are some kind men who volunteer to explore the noxious abodes of wretchedness, such as we have hinted at—and which are far too common in this island—and who drag them into the light of day, and direct some few rays of public sympathy towards them, there is no conceiving what might have been the ultimate condition of such a village as Hilton before it was brought under notice.

There is a class of persons which constantly declaims against charity, directing the poor to go to the workhouse and receive the relief to which they are entitled. It is said that an immense amount is paid for the support of the poor, and that, therefore, none need be quartered upon private charity. It is true that enormous sums are contributed as poor-rates; but guardians and others of their kind seem to think they know of a better method of disposing of the money than by applying it to its legitimate purpose; so that it often goes hard with the wanderer, who, after being driven about the streets, is compelled to seek shelter beneath that dull and uninviting roof. Most of our readers will recollect the case of the woman who was carried six miles in a cart to the workhouse, and there kept at the door in the most wretched weather, dying as she was, without a drop of medicine or nourishment being afforded her, until a pampered Andover official chose to be at leisure. That woman died in the same night; she had all her life eaten taxed food, she had been taxed for every comfort she had ever enjoyed, and now, when dying, was refused the smallest solace to soothe her departure from a world which had treated her with so much unkindness.

The Andover guardians are celebrated for the way in which they torture the poor. Stephen Witcher, sitting on a heap of damp stones in a wild, inclement day, with a bitter east wind driving in his face, while he was compelled, though suffering the most acute anguish from an injured limb, to break stones from morning till night, formed a fit example of the tenderness to be expected there. Those puffed-up, purse-proud guardians, who made a merit of their inflexible cruelty, were doubtless enjoying good cheer in a warm room whilst that old man, who had better have been in his bed, or in his grave, was shivering on the heap of stones. But if the poor were properly cared for the Andover guardians might not fare so well, and here we may find a reason for the frequent atrocities committed at that union.

But there are other workhouses. There are the London workhouses, where they have written up over the doors, "Bring the maimed, the blind, the impotent, and the poor." The poor do come, and are allowed to shiver for five hours on the pavement, and then turned away without a crust of bread. Young children come and cry all night there, and are given into the custody of the police; women, whose husbands lie dying in cellars or garrets, come for a pittance of relief, and are told to drag their husbands with them, for the dying

man shall have no relief on his own bed. It matters not that immediate death may follow his removal—that is rather a good thing than otherwise; for workhouse officials are fond of depopulating a parish. We might multiply by a thousand instances examples of the cold-blooded apathy with which misery and destitution are driven from the last doors they seek. The bread which they never ask until starvation forces them to it, is held back; and when the consequence of this vile system has been made complete—when some wretched victim has been added to the list of the dead, a decent grave is often refused. The officials of the Poor-law seek to trample down and degrade those whom they are compelled to relieve, in order to render the workhouse odious to all; and when they were applied to to bury a miserable woman, whose life had been cut short by their neglect, they refused, because charity had given her a coffin not completely unornamented—nay, declared that the poor wretch should not even be allowed to rest in a decent receptacle; the workhouse shell, ill-constructed, ill put together, bearing the unmistakable marks of poverty, was ready for her, and if her husband chose to drag the body from its place of repose he should see it conveyed to a grave; otherwise it might remain where it was.

It is of little use, however, multiplying such cases. They are of daily occurrence. The poor are starving around us for want of bread. The humble are deprived of their necessities, and those a grade above them of their little comforts, and so on, throughout all the strata of society, until you reach the privileged orders. Professional men, persons engaged in trade and industry, are oppressed, deprived of their gains, compelled to pay to the tax-gatherer what they should be allowed to devote to their own comforts—and all this because a lazy and corrupt oligarchy will fatten on the people in idleness and vice, without contributing a mite to the national burdens; because, moreover, they are so avaricious that nothing will content them. They must be everlastingly devouring, and ever crying for more.

Not satisfied with monopolising the legislature, the church, all places of trust, distinction, or emolument in the State, all dignities and profits in the army and navy, and wherever else a dignity or profit can be obtained, they are constantly seeking to find new expedients for raising money—that is, for grinding the poor, and for exempting themselves from any payment whatsoever. So they spend between eighteen and nineteen millions of money on our army and navy. Now, even admitting that the army and navy are not too large—which, however, we do not admit—we wish to see a period put to that system of enormous extravagance by which the oligarchy creates places for its young members and dependents without ever putting the question whether the services of these men are needed by the country. This accounts for the immense number of sinecure colonelcies which swell our army-list, and for the extraordinary multiplication of salaries of above a thousand pounds, all of which are of course monopolised by upstarts from among the ranks of the aristocracy. And what with clothing colonels, fancy regiments, epauletted officials who enjoy a dozen salaries without performing sufficient service to the country to entitle them to one, and military gewgaws, which inspire nothing but contempt, but which send many a poor wretch to the bed of starvation, the sum is made up for the army. The navy is not behind-hand, with its enormous surplus of admirals and other jobs to supply the greedy idleness of the upper classes.

Let our readers look at the expenses of the court, at the twelve thousand pounds spent on the Queen's coachmen, postilions, and footmen—at the inordinate salaries of all the household officials—at the luxury and waste—to support which the poor man is taxed until he dies for want. Let them notice the list of sinecures, of state pensioners, and hereditary pensioners. Let them look at the cost of the Church, at the diplomatic expenditure, and at all those items of frightful extravagance which may be observed by those who study this subject. There is extravagance in them all—enormous and guilty extravagance, perpetrated for no other purpose than to pamper and fatten a privileged order already too wealthy, which arrogates to itself every place of trust and honour, and at the

same time, impudently exempting itself from taxation, is never satisfied with oppressing the humbler classes.

It is the poor who suffer for this. The humble labourer, who earns eleven shillings a week, and expends seven and sevenpence upon food, is defrauded, according to a calculation made in 1842, in the following ratio. He buys one ounce of tea, two ounces of coffee, eight ounces of sugar, eight ounces of meat, eight pounds of flour, seven pints of ale, and one quarter of a pint of brandy. The cost of these articles, free from excise and customs' duties, was two shillings and fourpence farthing, while the duties amounted to five shillings and two-pence farthing. It may easily be perceived, therefore, how, with a reduction in the national expenditure to the amount of ten millions sterling, the poor man's comforts might be increased. He would not then have to pay for tea at twice its value, for sugar and coffee, and every necessary of life, at prices of extravagant dearness. As it is, out of every pound he earns he pays fourteen or fifteen shillings to the oligarchy, while the landed proprietor can waste his revenues on materials of the most gorgeous luxury, and yet escape with payment of taxes so small as to be below comparison with those which are extorted from the indigent and humble. This is the system, and has been the system ever since the passing of the Reform Bill; but how long it will remain the system it is for the people to decide. They have been defrauded long enough; let them now insist on the rectification of these grievances, and demand that the oligarchy be made to bear a portion of that burden which they have for so many years thrust upon the shoulders of their weaker brethren.

Mr. Cobden proposes the revenue of 1835 as the standard; and we agree with him in thinking that if the expenditure of the country could then be adequately met with an expenditure less by ten millions than that of the present year, we could carry on the national affairs now at the same rate. We are in no danger of war at the present moment; and it must be sufficiently clear to all our readers that if future disturbances of the world's peace are to be apprehended it is not by profuse extravagance now that we shall be preparing to meet them; it is by husbanding our resources that we shall be able to cope with other nations if ever we are called upon to throw ourselves into a struggle with the great powers of the Continent. Lavish waste is not the plan to be pursued. It never prospered, never brought anything but ruin to nations or individuals.

The fact is, the oligarchy has swelled its numbers since 1835, and the people have been taxed to support the new swarms of aristocrats which have, year after year, been quartered upon the country. To think of making the younger son of a lord, or any one who was in the least connected with a lord—to think of making such a man apply himself to an honest pursuit, for the purpose of attaining eminence, would be preposterous—it would lower the dignity of the order. If the man have no estate, or be not otherwise provided for, why some place must be created for him, and he must draw from the poor man's purse a convenient salary to enable him to lounge about in idleness during the rest of his life. For the poor man, he is of no consequence. If he cannot afford to pay the taxes imposed, why he must go to the workhouse; and if the workhouse door be shut against him, he must sleep in the open air, in the wind and rain; and if he happen to die of starvation or neglect, why there will be one mouth the less to fill. The aristocratic colonel or captain, or whatever he may be, is meanwhile enjoying himself, with nothing to do but spend his salary, without troubling himself about money matters any more. Meanwhile, can we feel sure that the poor will be content with the reasoning which leaves them to perish in cellars, while the idle vampires who prey upon them are strutting on the pavement above, careless of the misery their rapacity and avarice create?

Is it just or reasonable, however, that one set of men should live in opulence and idleness, revelling in the choicest luxuries which the world can produce, while their brethren are dying in unhealthy holes, bitter with cold, without food to eat, with nothing to comfort or solace them, having given up their all to satisfy

the demands of an insatiate oligarchy? Is it just that one man should be pampered while another faints away his life for want of a mouthful? And yet such is the case in this country. The humble and indigent lie starving in thousands in cheerless spots, without warmth or pure air, merely because a corrupt and odious aristocracy will go on lavishing the nation's money on itself; taxing and spending whether the country can afford it or not; and the country cannot afford it, and will not.

The unblushing impudence with which the landed aristocracy have for many years shielded themselves from the payment of taxes is almost incredible. The seventy-five millions of probate and legacy duty of which they have defrauded the country ought alone to be sufficient to awaken a wide-spread agitation. Why should the titled classes be allowed to pillage their poorer brethren to that extent? Their broad lands and enormous incomes pass down from father to son untouched, for they are privileged; while the poor widow, whose heart is gladdened by the announcement of a small annuity, has part of it wrenched from her hands in order to be paid as a tax. So, in all cases, those who cannot afford to pay are made to pay, while those who could and should pay are not called upon to furnish any contribution: This is English civilisation. The indigent labourer who earns fifteen shillings a week, and has ten children and a wife to maintain upon it, is compelled to give up a large portion of his earnings to support the state. A wretched cottage, cold and comfortless, a scantily-furnished, and too often empty cupboard, a poorly-spread table,—wretchedness and misery, in a word, are the fruits of this hard system; while the privileged lord, who stalks, loaded with titles and honours, through carpeted and gilded chambers, to a board groaning under the luxuries of the whole world, is exempt from those burthens which the humblest mechanic is made to bear: and it is this which brings the mechanic to misery. Relieved from the oppressive load which he carries for the benefit of his titled oppressors, he would feel an independent man, and be enabled to enjoy life with sufficient means of support. Let the landed proprietors pay the probate and legacy duty, and thus take off a million and a-half from the shoulders of the people. If they do not do it willingly, let them be forced to do it. We know they will fight for every inch of the ground; they will struggle to the last for their iniquitous privilege; but that should not the less urge Mr. Cobden and his friends to pursue an agitation whose results will infallibly be triumphant—a million and a-half sterling will be a great relief to the poor.

The ten millions which Mr. Cobden proposes to take off the national expenditure will relieve the people from the duties on tea, and a number of articles so much burthened that their consumption is almost prohibited to the indigent poor, the very class which should be comforted, whose labours should be cheered. It will be seen whether Parliament will be sufficiently bold to make the proposed reduction, and whether in case of its refusal the country will be prepared to submit without a murmur to continue paying so many millions more than it justly should. An agitation like that which effected the downfall of the corn-laws, will, we feel assured, be created throughout these islands, and such an agitation has never been known to fail in its object. There can be no question but that the country stands in need of Financial Reform; there never was a period in her history when such reform was more needed than the present; and, to all appearance, the period is fast approaching when that reform will be carried out—if not to its full, at least to a considerable extent. The whole press of the United Kingdom is busy with the subject; meetings are multiplying; new names are daily added to the list of agitators, and far and wide the excitement is spreading. There is a power in public opinion which is sufficient to accomplish any object, and the present is a case in which the power of that public opinion will be exemplified to its full extent.

Mr. Cobden's opposers have not failed to bring forward a number of specious arguments with the design of overthrowing his statements. With regard to the probate and legacy duty, it has been contended that land sold for the purpose

of paying the amount of a legacy is subject to the duty, and that, therefore, the oligarchy is not wholly exempt. This is an absurdity. It is not the land which pays the duty; the legacy is most probably intended for some poor relation, or for some aged dependent, and it is from the sum paid to him that the duty is extracted. The landed proprietor pays not a farthing, and this is the amount to which he is taxed, while the most paltry legacy is subject to the duty. But the oligarchy is accustomed thus to defraud the humbler classes, and is, moreover, in the habit of defending such swindling processes by a long category of falsehoods. The popular agitators will, however, be—indeed, have already been—enabled to expose the fraud, and to contradict every false assertion which is made by the servile supporters of aristocratic dishonesty.

When it is proved that the country is paying at the rate of ten millions per annum more than is necessary, and more than it can afford, it is but reasonable to suppose that the poor man will demand less heavily taxed tea, beer, and those other necessities for which he now pays such exorbitant prices. Soap and paper are taxed beyond endurance, and all this to pamper the oligarchy, to thrust its younger members into places without duties, to create useless colonels, captains, and majors, and cram favoured lordlings with pensions and salaries,—in short, to benefit thirty thousand landed proprietors at the expense of nearly thirty millions of people. The shillings and pence which are screwed out of the pockets of the poor go to support the two hundred and fifty-two civil officers with incomes of above a thousand a year; the hundred and sixty-four judicial officers, the seventy-four diplomatic and consular pensioners; the thirty-five naval officers; the hundred and fifty-eight military men; the thirty ordnance officers; the hundred and eighteen colonial officers; and the ten officers of the House of Commons, who are all now sitting down under their vines and under their fig-trees, each pocketing above a thousand pounds per annum of the national money. Such facts as these, with the millions which have been swallowed up by state pensioners, sinecurists, jobbers, and such palace *employées* as the Yeomen of the Mouth, accounts for the number of wretches annually driven to die in the workhouse ward. We may talk of emigration and other schemes for bettering the condition of the poor,—we may establish soup-kitchens and other public charities,—we may give away our thousands, and our tens of thousands,—but poverty will ever be crying for more, until such things as these are altered.

To any reasonable inquirer it should seem enough that we are burdened with the frightful extravagancies of our own system of government, without being compelled to support a crew of lazy foreigners, whose insatiable throats are never weary of swallowing English money. Let the Germans stuff the pockets of the King of Hanover if they will—why should this country be forced to pay that royal pauper an allowance of twenty-one thousand a year? And we fancy the Duke of Cambridge has enough to support himself, without our allowing twenty-seven thousand; not to mention the enormous pensions lavished on the Duchesses of Gloucester and Kent. Then, again, we find fifty thousand voted for Leopold, King of the Belgians, a sum not at present appropriated, but kept in reserve for that amiable princeling, in case he should ever find it convenient to seek an asylum here. Then, again, Prince George of Cambridge has six thousand a year. Among jobs of very modern creation we find that of the Princess Augusta Carolina of Cambridge, three thousand a year: it was in 1843 that the English people were first called upon to pay this new levy.

And if there is to be retrenchment in the army, and retrenchment in the navy, and retrenchment in the State, why may there not be some little retrenchment in the Church? Might it not be reasonable to inquire whether Christianity would not be administered as purely and as effectively in these islands if we did without a few of the over-fat bishoprics, which at present serve no purpose whatever, save that of oppressing the poor? Could there not be devised some plan by which the religion of the country could be supported without making the humble and the indigent suffer for it—sometimes, perhaps, cursing

the church which is supported by depriving the poor of bread? If all the other churches in Europe can be supported at a cost of six millions seven hundred and eighty thousand pounds per annum, is there any reason why the support of the English church should entail an annual expenditure of twelve millions three hundred and ninety-one thousand pounds? There is something wrong at the bottom of all this: aristocratic influence—the triumph of privilege over poverty.

To shear some of the bishops of a portion of their insulting incomes would be a benefit to religion as well as to the people, for the church would then be a blessing and not a curse to the land. The poor man would not have to pay for a church with the bread which he should give to his children; he would not be driven to crime by the hard pressure of a taxation which benefits only the privileged and proud classes, whom he has learned to hate and to look upon as the vampires which prey upon the vitals of the country. The purse-proud, puffed-up bishops, who walk in state and scarcely condescend to breathe an atmosphere infected by the breath of poverty, should be compelled to act as the ministers of religion, not of their own vanities, and then the community might derive profit instead of injury, as at present, from their existence.

But it is not for us to point out here the places where reduction can be made. Suffice it that it must be made, and that speedily, for there is a point beyond which the endurance of a nation cannot go. It may be pressed down to a certain level and bear the burthen; but below that there is bankruptcy and ruin, wide-spread disaster and confusion, the end of which cannot be predicted. The people are beginning to learn what are their rights, who are their oppressors, how they have been oppressed, and, furthermore, that there is no necessity for their being oppressed any longer. That knowledge is dangerous only when a Government is resolved to oppose itself to the popular will—that is, to justice and humanity, for it is these which are now arraying themselves in the ranks of financial reform. They have ever been found tough enemies, especially when they understand thoroughly what they are fighting for, and are convinced moreover, that their cause is just. Of their ultimate victory there is not the shadow of a doubt. The question is, how long will the conflict endure? Will it be angry and protracted, or peaceful, and of brief continuance? Better for both sides that the latter should be the case, but especially better for the oligarchy; for the people, when compelled to struggle long and intensely for the redress of one grievance, are very apt to discover others, and to make one affair of the whole. It is not to be expected, now that the probate and legacy fraud has been fully exposed to the public gaze, that its perpetration will be much longer permitted; on that point, therefore, it will be well for privilege if it yields decently and with a good grace, for yield it must; and the less words that are said on the subject the better for the aristocrats.

But the worst of the matter is that the oligarchy is so accustomed to this sort of fraud that it looks upon it as a right, and considers justice an impudent interloper, who has no business to meddle with privilege. That was the case with the corn-laws. The landed proprietors had been so accustomed to swindle the poor man out of his bread that when the tables were turned upon them they regarded themselves as aggrieved, and have been singing a most woeful song ever since their defeat. But unluckily for them popular ideas continually enlarge, and the popular mind gradually arrives at a proper conception of the merits of every case properly placed before it. This effected, a decision is soon come to; and after this decision the aristocrat must be content to play a losing game if he oppose himself to the force of public will. He had better relinquish the fraud, and betake himself to another, for all impostures are not unveiled at once.

We invite our readers, if they have not already done so, to peruse Mr. Cobden's Letter on Financial Reform, and also his speech. They are both important, and lay the matter clearly before the mind's eye. They prove that the expenditure of the country is extravagant and wasteful; that we are spending ten

millions more than is necessary; that we should without delay proceed to compel the oligarchy to pay the million and a-half per annum of which they have for more than fifty years defrauded the country; and that unless some such measures as these be at once devised and adopted an immense amount of ruin and national bankruptcy must be the consequence. These facts cannot any longer be disputed; they are worthy the attention of the country, for they involve every man's interest.

And more especially the interest of professional men, tradesmen, mechanics, and the humble poor. To the first-named classes they are of infinite importance. We cannot overrate the amount of happiness and comfort which would be infused among such persons by a large reduction of taxation, and a diminution in the duties imposed on the necessities, comforts, and conveniences of life. What troubles, what embarrassments, would not be relieved!—what anxiety would be lightened! But to the indigent poor—to those who count each mouthful of food—to such as now throng in miserable crowded workhouses and prisons, what an infinite measure of relief would not this retrenchment bring! The wretched beings whose homes have been stripped bare by the tax-gatherer; whose food has been pinched by him, who have been brought to desolation by him—it is such who would be relieved. We may mark daily the crowds which throng the workhouse-doors, half-clothed, tottering with disease or starvation, with hunger-stricken faces, they wander in groups up and down the cold pavement, shivering in the wind, rain, or snow—women, children, and a few gaunt men. From morning until evening they stand there, while occasionally the door opens and every eye is turned towards it in anxious expectation. Occasionally some ragged creature procures shelter, and a few obtain relief. These fortunate beings look happy for the moment, for they have stood waiting for hours for that piece of bread; but too often a surly denial meets the famished applicant, and he turns away, with disconsolate despair in his face, to wander, perhaps perish, in the streets. The luxurious aristocrat, as he rolls by in his carriage, may comfort himself with thinking that this is his work; that in order to thrust some lazy and dissipated younger son or dependent into a post with a large salary and no duties, some of these wretched creatures must have been dragged down, perhaps from a comfortable home, to seek their bread at the workhouse-door.

The question is growing too serious to be thrust aside. Numerous journals attempted at first to treat it with contempt; to force it into oblivion, and to pass over to other topics. But the task was impossible. Some of the most determined have already begun to slacken their resistance, and one or two among those who were at first eminent among the opposers of Financial Reform, seeing which way the wind of public opinion blew, have begun to feel cautiously for a position which may with safety be taken up. The Liverpool Financial Reform Association has long been labouring unnoticed; but we must not forget—neither must the country forget—that it is to the untiring energy and industry of that able association that the public owes the starting as it were, of the question. Other towns will, without doubt, follow the example of Liverpool, and form associations having for their object this most important end. Reduction in the national expenditure is the great want of the day, and it is in the name of humanity that it is demanded. The poor have been rendered poorer, the indigent have been rendered miserable; the humble have been rendered hungry and houseless; the virtuous have been driven to crime; the independent have been made slaves; the humbler classes, in a word, have been ground down and oppressed—and all this to satisfy the shameless and profligate extravagance of a corrupt and lazy oligarchy.

We repeat that unless speedy reform be effected in the financial affairs of the country—unless great and important reductions be made in the national expenditure—unless economy be laid down as the rule—unless the poor and the industrious are released from a portion of their burdens—and unless the oligarchy be compelled to make at least some restitution for the long years of fraud in

which they have rioted, serious national disasters must ensue. We pay wastefully and extravagantly for our civil government, which costs upwards of one million six hundred and eighty thousand pounds, or a little more than the amount which we pay for punishing all the rogues in the country, for it has been remarked that the two items of expenditure are nearly the same—a curious coincidence. With a useless and expensive army, a costly navy, a tremendous expenditure in the colonies; with endless jobs at home and abroad; with the cost of a whole crew of foreign royal paupers and pensioners; and with a system of waste at home, there is no conjecturing to what a depth of ruin this country may not sink if she continue blindly to pursue the same career. But a remedy is close at hand—compel privilege to pay for its privilege, and suffer the poor man to enjoy the fruits of his labour. No country was ever ruined by economy; but by extravagance we know that revolutions are constantly brought about. We do not point at such a result here, but merely repeat the fact, thinking that the oligarchy might like to take a hint from it.

LAYS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

By FANNY E. LACY.

No. 6.—OPHELIA.

LAERTES—"Oh, rose of May! Oh, Heaven! is't possible that a young maid's wits should be as mortal as an old man's life?"

Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself, she turns to favour and to prettiness."

Hamlet, Act 4th, Scene 5th.

"Oh, Rose of May!" and is the perfume gone
From the fair flow'r we love to look upon?
The Heaven-breathed mind, that made its earthly shrine
Of Heaven-wrought hues, a thing almost divine?
Life's morning dews are still so pure and bright
On thy unfolding leaves, that in its light
Angels seem mirror'd, as the wandering sense
Warbles o'er flowers in its innocence.

From thy fair virgin corse "may violets spring!"
Smiling through tears of Time's soft dewy wing:
With daisies meek, that on earth's lowliest sod,
Are heralds of the silent work of God:
While "herb of grace," and rosemary shall wave,
As evening winds sigh softly o'er thy grave:
And saddest types thy memory that confess,
Shall "turn to favour and to prettiness."

"Sweets to the sweet!" for such the tribute's due,
That sorrowing hearts move gentle hands to strew,
"Pretty Ophelia!" to thy memory,
When birds of Spring shall warble cheerily;
And joyous Summer makes a garden gay,
Of Death's still throne, for infants' thoughtless play;
And Winter's ice-drops gleam like fairy gems,
And rough winds pause, with whispered requiems.

SKETCH OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.*

PASSION or politics sometimes sway the feelings, as prejudice frequently misleads the judgment, but still, though both have been instrumental in depreciating the individual whose name stands at the head of this article, we doubt not that an impartial sketch of himself and his career will at present be acceptable, inasmuch as, wholly independent of the question of personal claims, he possesses the merit or the attributes of being the object of a nation's choice.

Louis Napoleon, it is well known, is the offspring of Louis Buonaparte, ex-king of Holland, and Hortense Beauharnois, Josephine's favourite daughter. He was born at Paris in 1808, and surely never did brighter prospects burst on the head of a more favoured child. He was the heir of Napoleon, and that great conqueror then ruled a wider dominion than ancient soldier ever coveted, or the Roman eagle ever owned. From the Alps to the Texel—from the Vistula to the Guadalquivir—all acknowledged the power of the wondrous man—that man who was so finely said to have eclipsed all past glory and rendered future renown impossible. The canker, it is true, lurked in the bud—the keen eye of Talleyrand had foreseen and foretold in Spain, “The beginning of the end;” but all on the surface looked fair and bright. Five hundred thousand steel-clad warriors were ready to obey his behests—in the words of the great Irish orator, applied to Marie Antoinette, as many swords would at that moment have leaped from their scabbards to avenge the slightest insult to himself or his race; and the wielder, the creator, of the vast power being then childless, all was destined for this favoured infant, the eldest son of his favourite and elder brother—that brother of whom it was so finely said, “that he descended from two thrones without a stain.” “The fairies,” said Josephine, “seemed to have presided at his birth;” and, as in her own instance, a celebrated fortune-teller was declared to have foretold his future greatness. May it be hoped that, like her, he will not survive it all!

No effeminate care was bestowed upon his infancy. Designing him for a soldier, Napoleon commanded that he should be trained as one from his youth. The trumpet or the drum was his only music, and when little more than a year old, he was one day led out by the emperor amongst the troops in the Place de Caroussel to bivouac. The nurse screamed in dismay, but the child smiled with delight at the grisly warriors by whom he was surrounded. The martial music and pomp might have had an effect upon his infant mind, but his mother entertained the fondest hopes from the circumstance; and Napoleon, it is said, who at an equally early age had been delighted on tapestry with the heroes of the “Iliad,” was himself struck with admiration at the gallant bearing of the child.

But a change succeeded. The young infant had scarcely been recognised heir of the empire when a coolness ensued between Napoleon and his favourite brother. Louis was too good to oppress his Dutch subjects, even to satisfy the other; and the emperor himself began to yearn for that direct lineal succession which in almost every circumstance and position is so natural to man. Josephine held out no hopes of an heir, and a Russian princess had already been sounded. The overture for Alexander's sister was rejected, it is well known, by the aristocrat's mother, on terms by no means complimentary; and in an hour unfortunate for himself and his kingdom, he allowed pique and ambition to carry

* Having in our last been by some considered to have pressed on the present ruler of France with undue severity, we give the following sketch of his career, on the principle of *audi alteram partem* and adherence to that impartiality by which our pages have always been distinguished.

him away. Austria had just been overrun; and Metternich was ready by the sacrifice of an arch-duchess to avert that ruin from the empire, threatened by the great and decisive battle of Wagram. The minister's suggestion was as quickly fulfilled. Maria Louisa, nothing loth, readily surrendered her person at her father's will. The birth of the king of Rome in due time followed. The differences between Napoleon and his brother increased, and the young Louis was no longer heir to the throne.

With Josephine and his mother he retired to Malmaison, where—frequently visited with respect, if not regard, by Napoleon—they remained in privacy for a few years; Josephine just dying in time to avoid witnessing the great picture of his fall. The terrible Russian invasion occurred in the interval: disasters thickened round the empire, and Louis once more allowed fraternal feelings to prevail. The feeble aid, however, which could be afforded by Holland was wholly unable to stem the mighty torrent that then burst in from the north. The tremendous campaign of Leipzig followed. 1814, with all its gigantic acts, succeeded. The British standards, borne from the Pyrenees, came to unite with those of the Czar from the banks of the Don. The Rhine was passed; the King of Holland swept away; the Herculean efforts of Napoleon on the plains of France and the Netherlands—equally, if not surpassing in point of strategy, vigour, and ability, any in Italy in earlier days—were unable to avert destruction from the empire. The allies approached, invaded Paris. The old dynasty of the Bourbons was for a time restored, and the young subject of this sketch driven with his family from the country as a fugitive.

The Hundred Days succeeded. Louis with his family once more re-entered France, and assumed a leading part in organising the Army of the North. But treachery was at work, and all in vain. The country, besides, was exhausted, and Waterloo prostrated the Imperial power. The great chief was consigned to a rock in the Atlantic; his family dispersed; and for twenty years, Louis Napoleon, with his sire, was a stranger to France. Hortense in the interval died, and the ex-king of Holland with his son lived in privacy. No especial event during this period calls for notice. Sometimes in Italy, more frequently in Switzerland, he remained intent chiefly on study and the education of his son; and—let the enemies of Louis Napoleon assert what they will—no doubt can be entertained that his duties in the latter respect were discharged with equal zeal and success. Notwithstanding all that has been alleged to the contrary, Louis Napoleon—though not, as he himself states, capable of oratorical flights—possesses an able mind vigorously cultivated.

The mathematics and severer studies formed his favourite pursuit; but war was not neglected, and political science at an early period engaged his attention. While in Switzerland, during the years 1830-31, he not only entered deeply into the consideration of this subject but published an essay upon it, developing no inconsiderable powers. These, indeed, were deemed so unusual that they attracted the attention of the cautious and calculating Swiss; and Louis Napoleon soon became the centre of a circle whose views and projects gave the neighbouring French monarch uneasiness. Louis Philippe is said to have been more disquieted by the social ideas they propounded than by any physical designs that might have been contemplated. A pretext for interference was accordingly made. Switzerland was menaced; and the prince—as Louis Napoleon was now named—for a moment meditated recourse to arms. His own courage was so impetuous—surpassing even to rashness—that he hesitated not to enter on the unequal strife; but the cooler judgment of his confederates prevailed; and, while the Swiss submitted, the young prince was forced to seek shelter in exile.

Driven from Europe by the intrigues and jealousies of Louis Philippe—who already began to regard the prince as the most dangerous rival of his race—a visit to America succeeded; and those who had the good fortune to encounter Louis Napoleon in the United States can bear witness to the fact that his mental powers have been grossly traduced. On the best American society the prince left an impression that he was a man of views equally philanthropic and pro-

found. His disposition was chivalrous—some considered his ideas romantic; but all bore witness that they were honourable, and that he was inflexibly just.

A curious affair in 1835 brought the prince to Europe. His cousin, the Duke de Leuchtenberg, had wedded the heiress of the house of Braganza; and, dying, recommended him as his successor to the affections of Maria da Gloria on the throne. A correspondence ensued, but produced no result. The event is enveloped in considerable mystery; and, contrary to custom, the prince is said to have declined the hand of the lady. His sense of gallantry, however, would not permit him to admit this; and at a time when half of southern Europe was ringing with ridicule of Donna Maria, he published a letter, delicately absolving the lady from censure. Even by those who represented, on the other hand, that he had been the rejected suitor, his conduct in this respect was admired; and a scion of the house of Saxe Coburg soon supplanted him in the nuptial throne of Portugal.

Arms had already engaged the attention of the prince. His former Swiss designs had already conspired with his birth and education to imbue him with a martial passion; and, instead of the petty kingdom of the Peninsula, his ambition was directed upon the great country which his uncle once had ruled; though so long absent from France he still looked upon it as the land of his nativity; and, right or wrong, he felt led on by an irresistible conviction that he would one day administer its power. Napoleon himself, it is well known, cherished a similar belief. "France," he said at St. Helena to Montholon and Las Cases, "will never be happy till administered by a member of my family. My son, the king of Rome—that son whom I love so well—may die, or be cut off by poison, or the knife; but Louis's child, who was proclaimed heir of the empire before him, will assuredly succeed him in the affections of the French people. The members of my family may be in exile now; *the house of Orleans may even anticipate them on the throne of France*—for I hold it impossible that the older Bourbons can continue to reign—but *my* dynasty, so sure as yonder sun shines on the horizon, will again rule France; and the country till then will enjoy no permanent tranquillity."

These words, so strangely prophetic, have once been realised; but at this period there seemed not the most distant chance of their accomplishment. Louis Philippe now occupied the throne of France; and though his grasping and inordinate affection for his family had already alienated the esteem of many of his subjects, while others were not less discontented by the tightness with which he held the reins, his seat was equally firm and secure. The prince accordingly rebounded from an attempt which he made at Strasbourg. The vulgar have been accustomed to regard this attempt as ridiculous and rash; but there can be little doubt, had it succeeded, it would have been considered one of the boldest deeds on record. Napoleon himself's landing from Elba was not more daring; and it was no fault of the prince's that the event was not equally successful. Nor was it so desperate as usually imagined. He had gained greater part of a regiment, and was induced to believe that two others in the garrison were equally devoted to his cause. In this respect he was deceived by partisans of Louis Philippe; but had not gold been freely administered, and the prince betrayed, the expedition might have had another issue. As it was, we may readily infer how alarmed was Louis Philippe by it from the atrocious means which he took to resent it. Instead of treating the prince as an honourable foe when captured, he had recourse to the disgusting measure of shutting him up in a lunatic asylum as a pretended madman. In the whole course of ancient or modern history we recollect no scheme so utterly vile and degrading as this base attempt to injure a rival; and fearfully has the act recoiled on the head of the flagitious old man. At this moment he is sitting in exile at Claremont, while the high-minded youth, whom he thus foully attempted to ruin for ever by denying his sanity, has virtually succeeded him on the throne of France.

The prince, it is well known, was repulsed in this attempt, which was made on the 30th of October, 1836; and we well remember the joy which reigned

among the adherents of the Orleans dynasty in Paris, when the government journals proclaimed that order had been restored at Strasbourg. The prince, meanwhile, was languishing at a madhouse in the interior, and it was even contemplated to aggravate his sufferings by shutting him up with the unhappy inmates; but the brutal mind of Bugeaud, though he had seconded Louis Philippe's infamous conduct in the hideous affair of the Duchess de Berri, revolted from this treatment of the nephew of the emperor; and, though Talleyrand was ready to approve, Soult interposed in a manner so menacing that an order was given for his liberation, on condition of the prince's return to America. With this the outraged gentleman had no alternative but to comply. It is well known, however, that he indignantly protested against the outrage, and utterly repudiated an attempt made to extort a promise that he should not return for ten years. He passed nearly two years in the United States, chiefly in the society of his cousins, the sons of Murat—Murat, that Joachim Murat, the hero of a thousand fights and the bravest of the brave—that poor Joachim, the brightest star in the bright constellation of Napoleon—that meteor who reflected or lived upon his lustre, and, when the other died, sank beneath the horizon too. There can be little doubt that the feelings of the whole family were exasperated by this gross outrage on their relative; and it was accordingly with the united desire of all that the prince in 1838 returned to Europe, resolved to make another attempt on the throne of the usurper who had subjected him to such foul indignity.

But the times were unpropitious. Louis Philippe had not increased in popularity, for he was already so odious that he could not venture to show himself in any assembly of his subjects, and lived in terror in the recesses of his palace. But he had begun to weave that mesh of corruption which already extended far and wide, and ultimately engulfed himself and the whole of his race. The prince consequently was surrounded by spies from the moment of his arrival in Switzerland, to which he again repaired for shelter, and, it may be added, also to renew his operations. The means adopted to put him down were characteristic. To attack him in his purse was Louis Philippe's maxim. An idea so vulgar could never have entered into the head of any other than the citizen-grocer king. But in these unchivalrous days it was eminently successful. The Count de St. Leu—the title adopted by Louis Napoleon's father—though possessed of valuable property, had become the dupe of some money-lenders; and the prince, from filial motives, was induced, in ordinary *parlance*, to "endorse the bills;" intelligence which no sooner reached the ears of Louis Philippe, by whom the snare is supposed to have been devised, than he at once purchased them up, and subjected the prince to such annoyance that he was forced to retreat to England.

A well-matured design upon the French throne was consequently foiled; and Barbes, with the other adherents of the prince in France, became the victims of the monarch's vengeance. They were seized, and with difficulty escaped from death, but subjected to hardships and indignities in comparison to which death would have been welcomed as relief. Hope, however, held the stern Barbes on, and he endured them with the same inflexible serenity with which, after a brief and fitful respite, he on the tyrant's overthrow again encountered the vicissitudes of power. Louis Napoleon, meanwhile, made every effort for their relief; but in vain. All his endeavours failed till 1840, when he again essayed the desperate attempt of a *coup de main* on France. This, like the Strasbourg affair, appeared to many almost insane; and the adherents of the Orleans dynasty of course again stigmatised it as such when baffled. But there can be no doubt that, had it succeeded, it would have been considered one of the boldest deeds of which the annals of the world make mention. In this light, indeed, perhaps it will now be regarded by those who formerly ridiculed, but are now ready to welcome the rising sun. We, however, have never considered it as aught but a bold attempt, which merited a better fate than what for the time was its lot.

The prince, we need not mention, was again seized and confined. Landing at Boulogne, with a few adherents, from a Thames steam-boat in 1840, his feeble

retinue was quickly dispersed and dispatched. Most of them were brutally sabred on the spot; and Count Montholon—the faithful Montholon, who closed Napoleon's eyes at St. Helena after sharing his captivity for years when all deserted him—was, with the nephew of the emperor, consigned to the citadel of Ham. Louis Philippe, however, no longer ventured to treat his rival as a lunatic. The prince had to many in London exhibited proofs of his mental power, and published a work, "*Les Idées Napoléonnes*," whose thoughts, modestly attributed to Napoleon, were in reality his own. Some other publications on the labour question, equally engaged attention in France; and placed the author's capacity beyond the reach of calumny. Still less could the French sovereign dare to carry out a design once entertained of having both brought to a court-martial and shot. Soult, though generally obsequious, again sternly interposed, and refused to imbrue his hands in the blood of the emperor's heir and his own old companion-in-arms. Perpetual captivity was accordingly the substitute; and during six long years the prince endured in the citadel of Ham all the hardships which malignity could contrive and meanness could execute. His companion was in the interval liberated on the death of his wife: but all the requests of Louis Napoleon were unheeded for permission to close the eyes of his dying father. Louis Philippe, and his minister, Guizot, attempted to take another foul advantage of the event. The prince was refused liberty to leave and discharge the last sad duty to his parent unless he pledged his word to renounce all opposition to Louis Philippe; and with Roman fortitude he refused—because that word, if given, would—he said—never have been withdrawn. He resisted on principle; he considered Louis Philippe the enemy of himself and of his race; and even to procure the last favour on earth he would make no submission. He offered, like Regulus, after performing his duty and taking leave of his father to return to his captivity; but such an offer of course was scouted as romantic by the vulgar citizen-king; and the aged ex-sovereign consequently died unsolaced, though to the last he approved of his son's inflexible conduct and sacrifice of every other consideration to lofty principle.

The particulars of his subsequent escape must be too fresh in the memory of our readers to require recapitulation here. The prince, it is well known, one morning contrived to quit the fortress in the disguise of a labourer, and has since remained in England, till the outbreak of the revolution in February last. Then he repaired to Paris, offering his country the aid of his sword or services, eager to serve in any capacity, however humble, and ready to discharge his duty faithfully, if he did not discharge it well. But fortune at the moment ordained otherwise. Lamartine rebuffed him with a petulance and asperity which we are rather disposed to think must be a source of regret and annoyance to the poetical statesman now, especially if Louis Napoleon should feel inclined to resent the indignity, a course, however, of which we consider him wholly incapable. The prince returned to England, and nothing of moment occurred in his career till elected for the first time to the National Assembly. Chiefly through the manœuvres of Lamartine, and the *coup de theatre* of a sham pistol shot, in the Place de la Concorde, the imperial member was rejected, and an excitement so violent raised, that he deemed it prudent to relinquish his seat; and he continued in privacy in England till again summoned to the legislature of his native country by a majority so overwhelming as to render future opposition hopeless. His election to the presidency has been still more miraculous—proving that though Napoleon is gone, the charm and the power of his name remain.

The acts of the prince since his elevation have not been sufficiently numerous to enable us to judge of his policy and character; but so far as they have proceeded they are marked by moderation and judgment. He has already in some degree evinced that, unsubdued by adversity, he possesses the still rarer quality of being unelated by prosperous fortune. The expressive and sincere, though half-agitated, half-melancholy cast of his features incline us to the opinion that he will pursue this course. Already approaching his fortieth year, and with a person slight and somewhat exhausted, though well formed, the epoch

for war and ambition seems for him to be past; though if he has the address to wait his time, the imperial altitude is perhaps not beyond his reach. All, however, depends on judgment. With caution he stands,—with imprudence he falls. If he honestly adheres to the Republic during the period of his presidency, reelection or election for life may follow: should he adopt a contrary course his elevation will be not more speedy than his overthrow.

So far, however, as he has yet proceeded, it is of no undue vigour that the enemies of the new President will have to accuse him. Inaction, indeed, hitherto has rather been his course; for really, excepting some unimportant opposition on the one hand, and an attempt to accelerate its dissolution on the other, no incident of moment has occurred between him and the National Assembly—his great rival or controlling power—since his accession, and matters otherwise have proceeded as tranquilly as in the days of Cavaignac. This has been made a matter of reproach to the prince, but we think unjustly; for, in his peculiar position, circumspection seems his safest course. It must also be remembered that he is especially hemmed in by his ministry—a ministry presenting, with one solitary exception, no distinguished name, and consisting of men who may be deemed rather his opponents than adherents. Much allowance should be made for the circumstances under which he entered office, and the manner in which these men were thrust upon him. Molé and Thiers, the only parties on whom he could rely, notoriously held aloof, but at the same time contrived to fill up almost every office with their supporters. The prince was thus opposed from the outset, and balked in those measures of amnesty and lenience by which he anticipated restoring tranquillity to his country. Had his own inclinations been followed, it is well known that not only would Louis Blanc, and other men in exile, have been restored, but Raspail, Barbes, and all those more dreaded partizans of revolution, have obtained their liberty from Vincennes. While these men are under embargo it is notorious the Red Republicans never will be tranquil; and it is probable, with a view of bringing him into collision with this formidable though temporarily-defeated party, that the majority of his present ministers refused to concur in the amnesty. His position of course offered little other alternative than submission; for, though chief of the Republic, and in this capacity responsible to the legislature, he presents the singular anomaly of being controlled by his cabinet. The situation is a peculiar one, and some modification apparently is necessary; as otherwise there must either in his case be responsibility without power, or office without dignity. That he is not disposed to acquiesce in either alternative—to “live like a pig fattening in a stall,” as remarked by his uncle as well as himself—though it is by many considered the *beau idéal* of the chief of a moderate republic or limited monarchy—redounds, we think, rather to his credit than otherwise; and though there may be some question as to the manner, there can be none, we imagine, concerning the propriety of his dismissal of De Malleville and the other tool of Thiers, who were instrumental in entrapping him into Louis Philippe's power at Boulogne. Had he acted otherwise, and tolerated those traitors at his council-board, he would have shown himself to be equally destitute of the spirit of a man and the prudence of a statesman. He will complete his disenthralment and consolidate his power when, instead of striking at the hand, he strikes at the head—when, instead of abjuring the men, he renounces the masters, and casts off the fetters of Thiers and those partizans of the old dynasty who at present seek to envelope him with a view to his destruction. If Louis Napoleon is not in a condition to dispense with the support and services of Thiers and Molé, he ought to insist on their assumption of office, with all its responsibilities, instead of allowing them to skulk behind the scenes and enjoy all the advantages of power, with, at the same time, utter immunity; or, what will be infinitely more conducive to his welfare and renown, at once throw himself on the people and those friends of republican institutions who have raised him to his present station, and in whom is his only safety.

PALL MALL AND THE PALACES.

By HARGRAVE JENNINGS.

WE found ourselves yesterday jaunting down a highway:—that highway without dust—that liquid road, whose glassy surface, if it be traced with wheels at all, is but with water wheels—the noble river Thames. No noise arises from its multitudinous vehicles, as they pass, like shadowy stage-coaches down a road of cloud, or like Banquo's march of misty kings—a phantom train in dim and awful procession—crowned images in all the ghastly flatness of their insubstantiality.

And assimilating ourselves with the character of our rough and semi-nautical expedition—seeing that we were going among, and that we *were* among, blue jackets and bronzed visages, tar and tarpaulins, green buckets and sand barges, we put on a 'thwart-ships manner, as being more in harmony with the scene in which we found ourself, and the "peculiar conveyance" which bore us forward. We donned a style of walking to and fro, and from side to side, and of stopping and of lounging freely and easily, and of balancing ourselves on one leg, which in our aptitude for taking up new modes, and of insinuating ourselves into the spirit of things, we had discovered as applicable to our situation and our new acquaintance. Nay, we put our hands in our pockets with the true salt-water air, pinched up our eyelids and cocked up our eye occasionally at the weather, and jerked out the flat of our hand to windward with as much knowingness, and with exactly such an assumption of confidence and consequence, as we anticipated would impress our neighbours with the idea that waves were familiar to us, and that mermaids and dolphins were not things only of which we had read.

I always had such a desire to accommodate myself to the circumstances in which I found myself, and to paint myself accurately into the picture, without suffering my colours to stand so out as to catch the notice—I ever had such a latent longing to serpentine or undulate myself, or, in plain English, to wriggle myself out of sight, in order that I might see without being seen, and observe without being observed, of playing the spectator more as a bush or garden tub, or a piece of furniture, than standing the risk of being talked to as a man with his eyes open,

"And his heart prepared,"

that I really believe I could sit down in a circle of feather-coronnetted Indians (with their bronze skins covered with more hieroglyphics than ever puzzled an antiquary, intent

"With spectacles on nose"

on nine yards of mummy ribbon just unrolled from a stuffed Cheops, or Rameses, or a blue-beaded-eyed Memphian priest) and smoke the *calumet*, or pipe of peace, with as much unconcerned gravity, and as immovable indifference as if I were in an assembly of the members of our own Geographical Society:—all honour be to their green slippers and mahogany quadrant!

But the manner which I might so successfully have put on yesterday, and which would have been of just the requisite class, would be as inapplicable and look as foolish here, at the top of St. James's-street, as a squat, fur-coated Greenland would feel himself and appear in a Parisian *salon*, with all the *beaux* and *belles* standing up for the first quadrille, and eye-glasses wavering between the waistcoat pocket and the left eye.

"There is a time for everything, and a place for everything," said I, "Rough-

bearded French *sapeurs* must not flourish their great axes against an old lady's choice china; a lord chancellor must not be beheld in his wig darning his own black gown with green silk, or people would set him down as not fit for the woollack. Abd-el-Kader, at a time when he was a sort of Prester-John, or unknown barbarian to Europe, must not have been seen in Hyde-park with his gown flying, and on a coal-black charger, running, as a proof of his dexterity and perhaps of his contempt at all such zoologically and heterogeneously fantastic claims to distinction, his long vigorous lance through the coat of arms at the back of a countess's calash. Else would our ideas of the natural fitness of things be very reasonably shocked. It is this invariable propriety, and the always finding things in the place we expect to encounter them, which makes the regularity of the world; keeping us tolerably harmless miserable sinners after all."

Could we so adapt ourselves to that about us—could we so costume ourselves to our scene, and avoid showing spangles amongst Nature's old oaks, what happy men should we be!

With the conclusion that we morally patch ourselves, and spoil our native simple colour (sober russet, perhaps), with too much vermilion and ultramarine, I stood at the top of St. James's-street, watching an opportunity to cross the crossing.

Oh, that colour, wherewith we bestow upon our cheeks that false pink! Oh, that paltry gold! How we speckle ourselves over with it! Peacocks are we, with a hundred tinfoil eyes in our tail: we flout the sun by parading our "fierce vanities" in his clear honest face.

There was the stir of Piccadilly before—there were Hammersmith, and Brentford, and Kew, and Isleworth omnibuses, moving, in all the importance derivable from the longer distance they had to go, more deliberately than the Kensington and Brompton "busses," which, with a low-lived, upstart smartness, dashed impertinently past grave vehicles, and rattled up the thoroughfare with the conductor perhaps in a white coat looking heedlessly out right and left, and holding up his finger mechanically; and a sober old coachman planted substantially on the hammer-cloth or on the box of a dowager-looking equipage, probably glancing round with an air of meditative, yet collected condescension, as he quietly drew in his horses, wisely abandoning strife, and permitted the *canaille* to precede him.

There was more difficulty in my management of the crossing of this crossing, than I, in my *insouciance* and abstraction, had anticipated. I was fain to wait on the curb-stone, and take a little walk up and down, eyeing the tide of vehicles, and now and then seized with a resolution to dash across and brave all dangers. But almost as instantly I was restrained with a disposition I have to querying a *cui bono* at such supererogatory hardihood, and like the old stern Scotch treasurer of wrongs, to

"Bide my time."

Piccadilly is one of the great arteries of London, through which flows in a daily stream some of its freshest and brightest blood—bright, at least, as far as the quickness and continuousness of the circulation can secure the superiority necessary to make it so. Carrying life, health, and vigour in its course, and ramifying away its spirit into side turnings, thence to gradually dissipate and subside into thickening indolence and sluggish dulness, as it winds and works itself farther and farther into narrower outlets, and insinuates into smaller and finer veins, the stream proceeds, until it forms junctions with other main currents, and spreads over the whole Metropolis, its activity diverging and extending as from a centre outwards. Piccadilly is as one of a number of great gates, through which are admitted intelligence, industry, and restless improvement, in all its hundred forms. It is as the glass in which are caught the shadow of a thousand leaves, all agitating at once.

Watching like the countryman described in the Roman fable for an opportunity of crossing not a river but a road, at last I succeeded, and had to make

my way over the stones with some damage to my dignity. It is one of the miseries of the pedestrianism of the streets, that in crowded thoroughfares, with the fear of the carriages before your eyes, you are exposed to the necessity of a graceless manner of progression across crossings, as precipitately uncertain as it is inelegantly hasty. The stones puzzle you, and in your rapidity, particularly if there be dirt in the road, with your eyes fixed on the ground, and your back bent, and you watching your steps, you flounder, and your gentleman-like, and, you flatter yourself, imposing walk, is changed into something as nearly resembling a hurrying shuffle as may well be. Ferrying in this by far too natural manner, and thrown off your guard by the unlooked-for approach of two heavy vehicles, rumbling along, from perhaps both sides at once, with a rapidity which seems to threaten the safety of your person, or at least the cleanliness of your clothes, you roll and skip from stone to stone, perhaps only to touch *terra firma* and behold, to your dismay, drawing up to meet you, with all the elegant blandness peculiar to the security and niceness of pavement, some fashionable friends whom you would not have seen you looking to disadvantage for the world! But no matter—we cannot always be in order, nor always

“ Armed at all points, exactly cap-à-pie,”

to exchange *congées*, nor constantly in a condition to ward off sly observation, and

“ Mingle with society.”

There are times, and there are occasions, when the most elegant person must submit to the common lot, and be nothing more nor less than the mere human. We cannot sleep in a fashionably-cut coat, nor in the most symmetrically-turned and easiest-fitting French boot. Evil of life! off they must come; and we must creep ignobly into bed with a nightcap on. We must console ourselves, and repress our natural and reasonable indignation at the dire necessity, with dreaming of the triumphs of the morrow, when our dress is changed, or, rather, when we have a dress. I do not think it has been sufficiently remarked how much of a man's correctness resides in his clothes, nor how awfully he loses when he divests himself of them. We are far too prone to consider a man's recommendations as inherent in himself; as something with which buttons and starch have nothing to do; as that which is inseparable from his head, if he happen to have one, or his heart, without considering how much he derives from those more than accidental gifts for which he has to thank fortune, and those things, which, though additions, I am afraid I lack authority to call gifts, which he obtains from his tailor. We can never think of man in the abstract. He is always something in a coat and boots. According to what he shows upon his back, and the qualities of the things, so do we measure him. His refinement is put on and put off. Feeling, education, honour itself, often go with his habiliments. He polishes himself to walk abroad. He hooks on his manners, as his valet does his clothes, upon pegs. He straight-laces himself in his propriety; and with his character about him, written in those hieroglyphics which are never mistaken, and which are read by all the world, he steps out

“ A proper man,”

and enters upon the shifting business of a world of shows and appearances, with the swarm of walkers and talkers for the audience of the play of which he struts the actor.

There is deeper insight in the observation that no man was ever great to his *valet de chambre*, than at first appears. We seriously incline to the opinion that it must have been some sage Olivier le Dain to whom the clever truth first occurred. Do we not feel awe at a horse-hair wig; nor tremble at a field marshal's baton? Could we persuade ourselves that we should experience that same emotion of dread, might we look upon the bare, unadorned, possibly good-humoured sconce, shorn of the terrors with which we are accustomed to

behold it, and disclosed for once in all its extra-judicial and native benignity? Could we see the scarlet-coated general officer denuded of his martial-looking cocked hat and flowing plumes; the flaming epaulettes laid aside, and even perhaps his very white Berlin gloves taken off, should we not look surprised, and suspect there must have been something wrong in our eyesight, to have exaggerated so much quietness, and so respectable a good humour, into warlike fierceness and the stern and iron-like solidity of a Jupiter Tonans in a dark blue campaign cloak and spurs? Should we not, in the full-heartedness of our wonder, and the depth of our gratitude to find the mover of a thousand bayonets so much like a human creature, and so little resembling that impersonation of a red-hot shot which we fancied him—really think that he was after all somebody that we might take the liberty of shaking hands with? Grandeur, and beauty, and elegance, and all the rest of the colours which are painted upon the common brick of our nature, rest more in the mind of those to be impressed by them than in the supposed possessor. They make the gilt of life, which adversity tarnishes and death peels off. That man is man we hear in all directions; and so frequently is this truth reiterated, and so repeatedly is it poured into our ears and impressed upon our understandings, that the wonder is that we cannot be made to see that man is *nothing more* than man. Strange that we should not feel this truth as weight which is not to be diminished, and as a bulk which, by surveying in different lights, and by taking to look at from different situations, is not to be reduced. That we expand man, and make him individually of more consequence than he is really entitled to, is a conclusion which, when we arrive at, may well cause us to exclaim, "Is man no more than this?" Consider him well. He owes the worm his silk; the beast a hide; the sheep his wool; the cat a perfume. Unaccommodated, man is no more than a poor, bare, forked animal!

Little do these folks fancy the conclusions I am drawing upon their decoration. Poor indeed is the man who derives his dignity, or the interest with which he is viewed, or respect from the things which he wears, be they actual linen and cloth, or that spiritual linen and cloth, which, though of finer texture, and of less easily-producible fabric, is yet "of the things that perish."

A fine afternoon, though the clouds grow heavy, and every now and then, in thickening masses, they roll over a bright sun, and leave him to illuminate the sky, alone transparent in the brilliancy of its blue. The sunshine is above; and a shadow—a spring shadow—which is saying much for it, and quite enough to make it impress as agreeably as winter sunshine—dwelleth on the houses, and veileth this street of streets, this St. James's-street, with its open-hearted windows to the opulent, and its Green Park in juxta-position.

There is an air of reserved dignity in this street. Its noise is aristocratic noise, and the wheels roll over its stones with more pretension than elsewhere. But at the same time, it is with a cool confidence which implies a consciousness that that superiority, that allocation to the higher level, will never be questioned. It is irregular in its buildings; but they all impress even those who have been accustomed to look upon them from childhood, spite of the difference in their sizes, and the variety of the purposes to which they are applied, with a sensation that they are not to be approached with the slipshod indifference, or passed with the same lack of deference, that other and less lordly localities may.

The gradual descent of St. James's-street, and the broad *vista* terminating in the old brown turrets and hatchment-looking clock of St. James's Palace add to that George-the-Third-time aspect of monarchical pride which dwells in the older portions of this neighbourhood. The pavements are wide and easy. The roadway is just that sort of easy inclined plane, down which the oligarchically-countenanced carriage may run with its powdered footmen behind, and its sleek, well-fed horses pawing the ground, and pacing fleetly and equally. There is the Guards' Club House, looking modest in its size, and rather plain in its direct-seeming, soldier-like outside. Next comes the broad, gaping Crockford's, with its expansive windows, flat in their plate-glass majesty. There is a coldness, and a profound sort of

repulsiveness in the exterior of this solid-looking building, which savour of the hard side of high life. White's, with its bow windows and parliamentary countour—which seems candour with something in reserve—its steps, its lamps, and its honest-looking door, reminds one of the Pitt, and Fox, and Sheridan days. Lower down come some quiet, aristocratic shops, hinting superb dressing-boxes, costly prints, seals of saucer size and their engraving, and Melton boots. One or two lordly hotels, which look down placidly from their perforated balconies, seeming above the necessity of doing any business at all, and only taking gentlemen in by favour, carry us down to that odd assemblage of dairy windows, pendant chimneys, old stone, high iron gates, dull doors, and modern gas lamps, with little crowns on the top of them, which by some strange accident having been once called a palace, seemingly has kept the name, through indolence in the not calling it anything else, ever since.

I am in Pall-mall. Pall-mall; active, bustling Pall-mall, when the sun shines in the "season" as it ought to do; when policemen swing their staves (or staffs), and walk up and down, and order the people about and to keep back; when toes are trodden, and heads are protruded as the carriage dashes by, and in at the iron gates. This is the time to see the Mall in all its glory. Lines of carriages, with their shining panels, and the snorting horses, with their glossy coats—the jolly coachmen, with their wigs of tow, and light pink silk stockings—the tall footmen, with their dark whiskers and black bags; their gorgeous liveries, and the gold lace upon them; their sticks and their bouquets—the royal carriages, a mass of gold, and the royal footmen, gilt with as much of the precious metal as the figures on the French clocks—the Life Guards, with their long-tailed chargers, black as coal, their shining armour, their broadswords (which will stab, "look you"), and their band—the spectators in a crowd, all *pell mell* in Pall-mall, gaping for a feather, manœuvring for the sight of an epaulette, or a lady in ostrich feathers and diamond ear-rings, at a coach window. The remembrance you have that all this is the result of a drawing-room, and that all those fine people are going in a stream to the Queen, who at that moment is probably sitting on her throne, with her royal consort on one side of her, and the Archbishop of Canterbury on the other, and bowing graciously to the groups of uniforms, and the mass of Mechlin and French lace and diamonds which pass her bending by. The clashing strains of the horse military band of the First Life Guards, or the Second Life Guards, or the Royal Horse Guards Blue, which reach your ears, softened by distance and by the crowd, from the great courtyard, at the entrance of which a quietly-authoritative person in a red coat, and with a truncheon in his hand, called a marshal's man, waves dignified reference to means near him of approach to the *penetralia*, or stops ramshackling hackney-coaches, which drive into the enclosed space formed by the soldiers and police, and turn out, with the loose steps jingling, long-legged subalterns, or some of the "unattached," who are compelled to ride, but wish to escape the cost of a glass coach. These are sights and sounds which tell you you are in a courtly atmosphere, and that you must not think serge and iron spoons in St. James's-street.

But quiet enough, in comparison, is now this street of palaces. It is five o'clock in the afternoon. Though we have no decided crowd, there are enough people to give the scene an air of great liveliness. Carriages are rolling about—dashing-looking equipages which have rank on the very face of them. The harness is bright—the brass shines in the sun. The horses run as if their work was light. The wheels glide noiselessly and easily. Some fashionable-looking equestrians are coming eastwards, and giving a complacent eye as they glance at the windows of the clubs in expectation of seeing there, perchance, some familiar face, the Sir Harry, or the Colonel of the "House;" or the Honourable Mr. So-and-So; or the Lord Such-and-Such-a-one, of the "brilliant entertainment last night," where, duly chronicled by the *Morning Post*, "the choicest exotics filled the grand staircase," and three panels of carriages were broken, and four footmen given in charge for quarrelling with one another and ob-

structing the police in the execution of their duty. Grooms are gentle in this languishing locality, and footmen tread gingerly. There are some carriages, bearing an air of substantial exclusiveness, waiting at the sides of the street for purchasers now in some of the fashionable shops in it. Green Broughams are to be seen at the door of the Reform Club. Dark Victoria blue and claret coloured cabs, with pertly-lounging infants in them, in white neckerchiefs and little Tom Thumb top-boots, idly holding reins, or lolling over the apron—are dispersed about the entrance to the "Carlton." The passengers on the pavement on the left side, as you go eastward, are tall military-looking gentlemen, arm in arm, with black stocks and riding-whips, and eccentrically-shaped hats; shabby men, looking neither messengers nor decayed upper servants, but something between both; a corporal of one of the regiments of Foot Guards, with red coat, white worsted epaulettes, cap and cane; some few respectable-looking old gentlemen, short, and with white hair and plump glossy features; one or two milliner-girls; some odds and ends of folks; and a dashing officer of the Guards, with his fur cap and white gloves, walking quickly towards the "Park," and kissing his hand to a "*camerade*" in *mufti* on the opposite side of the way. Nor must we omit in the picture the good-humoured face of Lord A—— F——, among the equestrians, moving quietly along, on a serviceable-looking horse, with a methodistical groom behind him, in a "*mixture*" description of coat, cut "*in spirit*" upon the Seppings' round-stern principle.

Magnificent Reform Club! with thy solid squareness, laterally pierced with pilastered windows, thy Palladian mountings and thy massy cornice, thy tall chimneys, and thy ducal door; great art thou in thy solidity, and imposing art thou in the sober senatorial dignity which thou impliest. Open-fronted art thou, oh Carlton, if not open-hearted, to thy lordly neighbour—that palace of parchments, and Stadt House of state papers! Nor let the elaborate "Travelers" be passed without remark, with its richly-cut balconies, and embossed mouldings, and elegant rustics. Had we time, we could find it in our heart to individually praise your excellencies, and to inspect ye on all sides, so that we might be as certain as we were enabled to be that nothing about you but your politics escaped us. But Time, that grand policeman, who is perpetually telling everybody to move on, moveth himself on, and we must not be long after him.

Turn we now back, and let us serpentine into the "Park," through the old Ambassador's Court, and into the horseless stable-yard of princely lodging-houses. We pass the Duke of Sutherland's magnificent town-house, with its bad glass and dark portico. Leaving the wall of the garden of St. James's Palace on our left, we emerge, past the old curds-and-whey-house, into the level walks and lime-tree avenues of the Park.

Buckingham Palace closes the centre avenue, and, in its prior form, used to raise its white triumphal arch, which was said to be of marble, though it looked much more like a piece of bad confectionery-work of black *blanc mange*. Its long flag-staff and its waving banner, like a gigantic coloured table-cloth—by far too large, since it dwarfed and extinguished the grand arch over which it streamed—were for some years of Queen Victoria's reign a sign or symbol at the West-end. Wanderers advanced. There was George the Fourth's palace, which gave one an impression as if it were rising up out of the earth, like a stage palace out of a trap, and was yet to get a good deal higher. A broad gravel *esplanade* looking as hard and as compact as a yellow floor, yet a very plain in its extent, and bounded on the north-west by long low stables, and on the south-west with a guard-house of very cold and windy expression, was the *pavé* for *parvenues* anxious to gain a sight of the royal infants from their nursery windows, and thus to have something of regality of which to boast. Buckingham Gate lieth, yet, on the horizon, with a dim vision of old-fashioned houses like a bank of grey clouds behind it. We were wont to move forward, steering our way across the "yellow sea," until we neared the grand arch, which, on a nearer approach, looked as if it had been taken up entire from Rome just as it stood—scoured up, apparently, then mended, to be transported

to England, and set up to hide the street-door of the Queen of England's house. A semi-circular iron railing, with high pointed spear-heads, kept out the prying vulgar; and within were discerned some squares of grass and chilly gravel drives, introducing to a Doric portico and wide glass-doors, like a well of glass. The windows seemed ingeniously contrived to keep the inmates of the palace to themselves, since they were little better than peep holes. Stucco promenades, with nobody to promenade, were terraced over stumpy Grecian pillars, placed at regular, but reservedly-distant intervals.

There was little to interest in the outside of Buckingham Palace, if we make an exception in favour of the two sentries and their sentry-boxes at the gate. The whole building impressed as pieced, though we grant that the fragments were perhaps fine, and portions, at least, of the erection in true architectural taste. *Relievos* which were relieved of the gaze of the critical—sculptures (cut out in the inquisitive) which required telescopes from the persevering—trophies (that is, pots and pans, pitchforks and pineapples) which necessitated ladders to get at them, were doubtless very well placed, and very significant, when taken as indicative of the height to which the arts had reached in this country. Unfortunately, short-sighted individuals, who had little capacity to admire things in the abstract, and were somewhat reluctant to give altogether in to the *dictum* that

“Tis distance leads enchantment to the view,”

might have been excused regret that such expensive adornments, whose purpose, if any, must have been to be looked at, were placed so out of sight that finish and truth were to rest matter of guess and, if possible, considering what it all cost, of belief.

But we really believe, that which we have the best reason for concluding (which is natural enough, the reader will say), that the handsomest side of this Palace of Buckingham is the back side. Never have we had the honour of seeing this latter, except over the garden-wall at the top of Constitution-hill, where, we believe, any of her Majesty's lieges may have, if they please, as good a view, with no drawback, except, from peering into the enchanted domain too closely, a suspicion that some questionable design is meditating, if not an attempt as flagitious as that of the boy Oxford.

This latter would be a dangerous surmise to excite in the gratification of curiosity.

Never having had, I repeat, the opportunity of deciding for myself, except under such slinking circumstances as above, I must confess that I am not in a condition to positively pronounce on the beauty or grandeur of the rear of the Pimlico Palace—that “toad-in-the-hole,” as a facetious French *connoisseur* once designated it,

Buckingham Palace is now different. Masons, and carpenters, and slaters have been at work, until they have put a new face upon things—sounded a “new tout on an old horn.” A princely *amateur*, and a courtly, old-fashioned architect, too fond of golden bricks to perceive that they may be sometimes out of place, have laid their heads together; and the result is a sort of palace of Aladdin in a bad dream—only fit to be flown away with! Tired of keeping in the background so long, Buckingham Palace, in order to advance, if it has not made a step in the right direction, has at all events put its best foot foremost. The urban suburban palace has come out pretty strongly, and to a very interesting tune—probably some hundred thousand pounds; dead sand from Mammon's barge, which was perhaps sinking John Bull's soul to perdition. Better shaken out of his pockets!

We do not know whether the blank board screen, which, “so wide and so high,” so long defaced, or effaced, Buckingham Palace, was not better than the amiable ponderosity—that new nose upon an old face—that mask of stone upon an unpretending if not comely countenance, which now seems to block out the east end of St. James's Park from the west. *O, tempora! O, mores! Oh,*

Buckingham Palace the old! Oh, Buckingham Palace the new! Oh, ill-fitting garment, covering up from the curious the antique simple body! Oh, castle of cloud, which cloaks over but contains the sun of England's royalty! Unhappy lion, and, oh, still unhappier unicorn! where shall you "find a cavern dark enough to hide your piteous visages?" Nash gave them a stable too small for their noble proportions, in which the lion's dragged hinder quarters and majestic tail, and the long-extending horn of the unicorn were left without cover; and Blore has completed the work by smothering them in his cap of liberty of architectural extravagance. Persecuted beasts, where are the arrows to pierce these ruthless hunters! Taste hath been drowned, in the lowest deep of the Serpentine, with the heaviest weight of Injustice. Men of London, fish her up! drag her to air by the hair, or your art galleries shall become *ecuries* for hybrids; your columns shall depose themselves for very shame, stone by stone; your fountains shall run vinegar in sourness and vexation; and your palaces become the jest of even the cockneyest witting. Oh, where is the parchment wide enough to inscribe the merits of this new pasteboard palace—this new white apron covering the old gown—this gold tap to a hoopless barrel—this old horse with new shoes! Weight without dignity—plainness without simplicity—space without room—pretension without effect—such are but indifferent recommendations. Buckingham Palace now looks like the festival palace of some reverend Rhenish baron in a faded opera, where a few score of retainers, in threadbare velvet, sing a misty hunting chorus, with throats as hoarse and out of tune as their own cornets. Is it possible that blessed majesty can accept this architectural achievement as a proof of the skill of the age? We would reward its constructors with a pewter trowel, and permit them, for the future, the unexpected pleasure of continuously gazing at their own work. The blankest mass of stone that ever seemed fit to imprison dulness—the least supportable architectural nightmare which ever sat heavy on the stomach of a delicate generation, toothsome in its touches of taste—the most hopeless stone well which ever swallowed the money of a long-suffering nation, thirsting for the grand and beautiful in art somewhere, or for a little of it—in short, all the complicated catastrophes which ever befel, are jokes to this heap of artistic anomalies, and this gigantic casket of conceits. For what sin are the eyes of the court to be punished with thy blunders, oh, Blore? Shall Majesty be thus maltreated, while an architect, or an architect's apprentice, remains in England to stretch compasses or curve a volute? Doric and Ionic flutes, oh! sound a discord—bases be baser—capitals be no longer capital—ordinances be rent by ordinance—pillars support a pillory—Caen-stone be branded with the mark of Cain—and Portland, Purbeck, and Bath, blush into red granite in very shame at the tasteless combinations into which ye are forced!

As we pass away, and turn homewards, the severest disappointment is to feel that the Queen of the United Kingdom is so indifferently lodged. But *n'importe*; her Majesty's dignity is a moral dignity, and fortunately requires,

"No foreign aid of ornament."

In all sincerity, may Heaven bless her, and her Royal Consort, although she has an ugly house to live in. One consolation, however, to an Englishman is, that the Queen is infinitely too good for her palace, rather than that the palace is too good for the Queen. What matter if the casket be of lead, if the jewel within be a pearl of price? Her Majesty's most appropriate, as well as most glorious palace, is in the true English heart. And, in the words of the well-known convivial song—

"So say all of us."

account of the ancient kings of the Rhine and in the last half of the
brother which the possession of all the northern tribes between the
which together with a number of 100,000 warriors. Alaric is said to have
Alaric is said to have been the first to enter the city of Rome in the
The influence which he acquired by his powerful position in the
his influence by an appeal to the assistance of his subjects, and he
possessed the name of the Gothic king of war in the Latin language
Alaric is said to have been the first to enter the city of Rome in the
this language is said to have been the first to enter the city of Rome in the
this language is said to have been the first to enter the city of Rome in the

GERMAN POEMS,

RELATING TO ALARIC AND ATTLA.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN OXENFORD.

THE four following Poems may be divided into two classes of two poems each similar to each other in character, though differing as to the hero who is related as a subject. The historical position of Alaric and Attila in working the destruction of the old world is first pointed out, with the distinction that the conquests of Attila, though great, were transient; while the achievements of Alaric, which happened long before, still leave an important trace in the history of the world.

Alaric (*i. e.*, "All rich"), king of the Visigoths, was the first of the barbarian chiefs who sacked the city of Rome. In A. D. 394, he was in the Roman service, being invested by the Emperor Theodosius with the command of the Gothic auxiliaries. On that division of the empire into two which followed the death of Theodosius, Alaric hoped to command the armies of the East, but the refusal of this advancement and the instigations (it is said) of the minister Rufinus led him in 396 to invade Greece. Though by the arrival of the General Stilicho he was forced to take refuge in Epirus he was made prefect of Eastern Illyrium by the weak Emperor Arcadius, and used his position to provide himself with arms for his own ends. While he held this post he was elected by his countrymen king of the Visigoths. This was in 398.

He now turned his attention to Italy. Through his first invasion, which began in 400, he reached Ravenna, but sustained a sanguinary defeat. By a treaty with Stilicho he was, however, made prefect of the West Illyrium, and thus became a subject of the western Emperor Honorius. In 408 he again began the work of invasion, being disappointed in his expectations from the empire, and enraged by the massacre of Gothic families in Italy which followed the death of Stilicho. The blockade of Rome by Alaric in 408, which was the operation of this second invasion, was raised by a ransom. A refusal to comply with his demands led to a second siege of Rome, and Attalus, prefect of the city, which surrendered unconditionally to Alaric, was declared emperor by the Gothic army. Alaric, however, was soon so much disgusted with his creature that he deposed him, and restored the empire to Honorius. The celebrated sack of Rome was the result of the third siege, in 410, and lasted six days; it was occasioned by an assault upon Alaric's troops under the sanction of the emperor. Alaric occupied the south of Italy, but his ambitious design of invading Sicily and Africa was interrupted by his death at Consentia (Cosenza), after a short illness, and he was buried in the bed of the river Busentinus (Busento). That the place of his burial might not be revealed all the workmen employed in his interment were massacred.

Attila, called in Hungarian, "Ethele," in German, "Etzel," (under which name he appears as an important personage in the Niebelungen-lied) was a

descendant of the ancient kings of the Huns, and in 434 held, jointly with his brother, Bleda, the sovereignty of all the northern tribes between Gaul and China, together with an army of 500,000 barbarians. Bleda is said to have been slain, in 445, by Attila, who thus became sole sovereign of the vast northern territory. The influence which he acquired by his powerful position he increased still further by an appeal to the superstition of his subjects, alleging that he possessed the sword of the Scythian god of war, or as the Latin historians improperly call it, the "Sword of Mars," the name of a Roman god being thus transposed to a Scythian deity. According to an old legend a peasant was once tending his cattle and observed that one of them limped, being wounded in the foot; he followed the trace of the blood and found a sword, upon the point of which the cow had trod; he dug it out of the earth and took it to Attila, who was delighted with the gift, in which he and the priests detected the real Scythian "war sword," which designated him as the conqueror of the world. While thus he obtained respect among his subjects he endeavoured to make himself formidable in the eyes of the Christians, by investing himself with the character of "Antichrist," whose appearance was often expected in the early ages. The awful title of "Scourge of God," which was ultimately attached to him, would seem to indicate the terrible eminence which he at length obtained; however, this name does not seem to be directly applied to Attila by any writer earlier than the Hungarian chronicles, according to which he was addressed as the "Scourge of God" by a hermit in Gaul. According to the Hungarian legends he accepted the fearful title with great delight, and caused the following description of himself to be written on a golden tablet, which was placed as a standard before his tent:—

"Attila, son of Benducui,* descendant of the great Nimrod, born at Engaddi, by the grace of God, king of the Huns, Medes, Goths, and Dacians, the terror of the world and the scourge of God."

A crowned eagle was fixed to the standard of the powerful barbarian, and preserved by the Hungarians as their national symbol till the time of the Christian Geysa.

From 445 to 450 Attila ravaged the Eastern empire between the Euxine to the Adriatic. His devastations were terminated on this occasion by a treaty which ceded to him an extensive territory south of the Danube and an annual tribute. This treaty was made during the reign of the Eastern Emperor Theodosius II., who died shortly afterwards. His successor, Marcian, refusing to pay the tribute afforded a pretext for renewed hostilities, while Attila was further enraged by the refusal of the western Emperor Valentinian III., to give him his sister, Honoria, in marriage. Forming an alliance with the Franks and Vandals he crossed the Rhine at Strasburg, the name of which, signifying "street fort," is said to be derived from the fact that he made it a complete thoroughfare. He marched upon Orleans, but was driven thence to Chalons-on-the-Marne, by the Roman General Aëtius, and defeated in the latter place in the last great battle ever fought by the Romans. Having retired to one of his cities on the Danube and recruited his forces he crossed the Alps in 451, and took and utterly destroyed the important city, Aquileia. After ravaging all Lombardy he was about to march upon Rome, but was deterred by Pope Leo the Great, who worked upon the superstitious side of his character. According to an ancient record of the Roman church, the Apostles Peter and Paul supernaturally appeared to Attila on the occasion of this interview. He returned to his palace beyond the Danube, and died on the night of his marriage with the last of his wives, a beautiful girl, who some say murdered him. The empire of Attila ended with his life, and while he carried destruction wherever he went—for conquest and demolition were with him synonymous—he was a "scourge" and nothing more. The only important monument of his career which now exists

* Generally called "Mundzuk."

is one of which he never dreamed—namely, the republic of Venice founded by the Italian nobles who fled before him in 451.

I.—ALARIC. BY HEINRICH STIEGLITZ.

The hordes, that from the Eastern plains
A mighty flood on Europe press'd,
Are gone; one stream alone remains;
Lost in Time's ocean are the rest.

One stream—its billows still rush on,
And make the old Pantheon nod;
While all victorious the throne
Arises of the Triune God.*

This is the mighty German stream,
Which in the East began to roar,
Then sparkled with the cross's gleam,
Which on its haughty waves it bore.

A hero, with young glory bright,
Riding in pride above the foam,
Appears—the sturdy Goths' delight—
The terror of old rotten Rome.

Alaric's brain with conquest glows,
The mighty future stirs his soul;
The torch of sacrifice he throws
At Rome's defying capitol.

Great thoughts his youthful soul inspire,
His Goths to storm the world are led;
But, ah! whose eye has lost its fire?
Who now is slumbering with the dead?

Wild songs of grief are those, in truth,
That round the royal corpse arise;
The Gothic star has set—the youth
Stretch'd in his golden coffin lies.

And while the Goths their hero mourn,
The Romans—now a captive swarm—
Busento's waves are forc'd to turn,
Digging the stream another arm.

The Goths within the hollow lay
The corpse, and treasures beyond
price;

Next, 'mid the shades of night they slay
The captives, as a sacrifice.

Now rolls the stream its torrent back,
And covers o'er the Germans' grave;
Borne along Time's eternal track,
Wave still is pressing close on wave.

II.—ALARIC'S GRAVE. BY COUNT VON PLATEN.

On the river, by Cosenza, swells at night a mournful sound,
And the waters give it answer, and it echoes all around.

And the Goths cast moving shadows, as along the bank they pace,
For their Alaric lamenting—best and bravest of his race.

Dead too soon, from home too distant, now he must be buried here,
While about his youthful shoulders still his yellow locks appear.

On the bank of the Busento all the Goths their station take,
And to turn aside the river now another bed they make.

In the hollow drain'd of waters busily they ply the spade;
In the grave, with horse and armour, soon the noble corpse is laid.

Then to hide the royal treasure o'er it heaps of earth they throw;
From the grave of that young hero lofty water-plants shall grow.

Now once more they turn the river, bid it cast its waters back,
And the billows of Busento foam along their ancient track.

Rugged voices in a chorus sing, "Oh, sleep the hero's sleep,
Safe from base rapacious Romans, thus thy sacred grave we keep."

Thus they sing; and through the army rolls the dull and mournful song,
Now from sea to sea, Busento, bear it on thy waves along.

* This expression (*Dreimalein*), brought into such close contact with Alaric's invasion, is not quite felicitous, for Alaric was an Arian.

III.—THE SWORD OF WAR. BY AUGUST NODNAGEL.

Roaring as the billows roar,
When the sea is lash'd to yeast,
Crowding from the distant East,
Savage Huns in fury pour;
Foul's their face, and short their form,
Rough their hair, their mouths are
wide,
Through the wood and plain they
ride,
On their horses, like the storm.

"Attila, thy people bring
To the magic western land,
Where, from sparkling silver sand,
Fountains of fresh water spring;
Where the trees rich burdens bear,
Houses stand of marble white;
Where the people shake with fright,
When the sound of war they hear."

Attila waits many days,
Will not grasp the battle-horn,
Will not heed his people's scorn;
Still the king his march delays.
Ere he ventures foreign wars,
Ere he seeks a foreign land,
He must from a peasant's hand
Take the mystic sword of Mars.

At the ruddy break of morn
Through the vale the cattle wind;
One is lagging far behind,
Bloody is its foot, and torn,
And the herdsman marks the wound,
And the blood begins to trace;
Buried in a mossy place,
'Mid the rocks, the sword is found.

Now he holds the prize secure,
To the king the sword he brings;
Attila the weapon swings
Round his head, of conquest sure.

"Up, now up, my Huns arise,
'Tis our own that western soil,
We have conquest without toil,
All the world before us lies."

God's own scourge is mov'd, — his
breath

Goes before,—a burning flood,
Tears and howlings, fire and blood,
Are the harbingers of death.

Hear, ye Huns, your monarch's voice.
God's own scourge the world will
scathe,
With th' eternal thunderer's wrath;
Loudly in your tents rejoice.

IV.—ATTILA'S GRAVE. BY KARL HALTAUS.

From the foot of the Carpathians, there comes forth a heavy groan,
But all Europe as it passes can find triumph in the tone;
And old Rome has heard with rapture the glad messenger who said,
"Attila, God's scourge, is taken to the kingdom of the dead."
He, who long the earth has blighted, making all the nations quake,
When the sword, which Mars once carried, round his head he dared to shake;
He, who scared old Rome, Byzantium, and the giant German race,
Made, as none were made before him, man's creations to efface.
At the foot of the Carpathians stand the Huns,—a dusky throng,
In a wild and fearful chorus, they howl forth the fun'ral song—
Deck'd in all their brightest armour, while the clanging trumpets sound:
Now the faithful hordes are marching, who the silken bier surround,
And they cut their hair dishevell'd, 'mid the women's piercing cries,
And they gash their limbs and faces for a bloody sacrifice.
Safely closed within three coffins is the royal body laid,
Which of silver, gold, and iron, by a skilful hand were made;
In earth's bosom they are buried, arms and treasures o'er them thrown,
At the deepest hour of midnight,—never shall the spot be known.
Where the world's great scourge is slumbering, all who dug his grave are slain,
They have hewn down all the captives to a fierce and warlike strain;
O'er the grave, so newly cover'd, goblets deep with wine they fill,
And they quaff it, madly dancing, till with drunkenness they reel.
While the Huns are thus carousing, old Italia smiles beside,
For she knows that her Honoria will not be the "Scourge's" bride;
He no more the sword shall brandish to affright the human race,
And the Hunnish folk is pow'rless man's creations to efface.

CITY CLUBS:

THEIR NOOKS, CORNERS, AND COMICALITIES.

ETCHED AND SKETCHED IN DIVERS PERAMBULATIONS ABOUT TOWN.

By A WALKING GENTLEMAN.

No. I.—THE DOGS.

“Every dog has its day.”

GENTLE reader, are you a dog? Nay, don't snarl; were you ever a dog? If so, not an uncharitable one I hope—in short, did you ever “come to the dogs?” I do not ask these questions in canine impertinence; I do not speak, if I may so *mouth* a phrase, *barkingly* on the subject; nor do I intend, my good friend, to be *snappish* with you if either you cannot, or will not answer my questions.

“Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For 'tis their nature so—”

But, for *me*, gentle reader, I purpose doing neither, although I am a dog—ay, a genuine sophisticated London dog; nay, do not fear me, I am not touched with hydrophobia, nor any other *doggish* disorder. I may have been detected before now in perpetrating many “doggrel lines,”—be that as it may, it is, perhaps, more my misfortune than my fault, and you are aware from the above motto, that “every dog has its day.” I have had mine, and have witnessed the race of many, from the thorough-bred to the meanest *cur*. I have mixed, during my time, with divers dogs, old and young; I know the mall. I can tell a well-bred dog the moment I look at him; and as Liston used to say, in Billy Lackaday, “wisy warsy,” even though he be a Dogberry himself.

I have seen verified in some degree the common expression of “dog eat dog,” although, at the time being, I have seriously reflected on the aphorism, and consider it more a satire upon our kindred than truth; sensible as I am how much more applicable the term is in keeping with the biped portion of anatomy, and concerning which I am credibly borne out by Erasmus, a poet not less distinguished for his sensibility in these matters, as in rigidity of character in others; who thus expresses himself—

“Homo homini, aut Deus, aut lupus”—

some proof, I take it, that a dog is not the only animal given to such propensities; yet, as I before stated, the term is equivocal, and indeed libellous, as far as *our species* are concerned.

I have heard of a place distinguished in the geographic annals of the enlightened portion of our globe, or rather claiming a spot in the “bills of mortality” near to our Metropolis, called “The Isle of Dogs;” but I was never there, nor do I believe one of my fraternity ever were; and as for the place itself, I do not consider for one moment that any gentleman-like dog “lives, moves,” or ever had its being upon the island, or even would lessen his dignity by being seen there; so, gentle reader, do not suppose me to have emancipated from such *locale*, or that any of my ancestry are indebted to its vicinity for

their birth-right—quite different, I assure you, upon the veracity of a “faithful dog,” and a gentleman!

This latter euphonious assertion, by the bye, sounds strangely upon the ear perhaps; it naturally appearing *rather* marvellous that a dog can be a gentleman! Still, by a sort of unquestionable paradox, I’ll take upon myself to state, that in frequent instances the terms, if applied in a converse position, are perfectly synonymous.

I dare venture to swear almost, that you, my friendly reader, have not escaped in your time the epithets “sulky dog,” “impudent dog,” “bashful dog,” and so on; at all events, I have not, whether merited or not. The latter expression, I must admit, I have but too generally borne; but as Shenstone writes—and he is no mean writer—“bashfulness is more frequently connected with good sense; assurance and impudence, on the other hand, is often the mere effect of downright stupidity.” Some little consolation, reader, that “bashfulness,” therefore, may be classified as a *virtue*. *Mais n’importe!* or at this *dog-trot* pace we shall never get to our *dog-hole*.* Ah! ah! you sneer, my friend, at this vulgarism; but with all its seeming coarseness you will find the termination of this *doggish* sort of drollery will end in something of the kind; therefore *allons, allons*.

Prythee, reader, do not begin to dogmatise with me, for you cannot but honestly acknowledge than that I am a little inclined to be a playful dog, therefore have the kindness to bear with me, and depend upon it we shall not separate ill friends; for I am not in the least inclined to lessen myself in your estimation, nor be despicably treated, nor snubbed at like a dog; assuring you, gentle reader, on my honour and conscience, that it is one of the standing rules of our club to maintain the most social harmony with each other, and to deserve from all “sorts and conditions of men” the best of treatment and respect. Touching respect, by the bye, why, many of our kin have commingled even with monarchy itself. Yes, I—I have been fortunate enough to have enjoyed sundry agreeable hours in the presence of royalty, and have hobbled and nobbed with your true nobility during many a festive period. Not that ever I had the vanity to consider, or the impudence to assume, that I was a better bred dog than the others of our fraternity; nor did I ever in those festive gatherings attempt to follow up the axiom of our immortal bard, Shakspeare, that would fain urge one to exclaim, when seated with one’s betters,

———“I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my mouth let no dog bark.”

Certainly not; I trust *our* breeding is of a more refined caste than to allow of any such impropriety.

Then, again, multifarious are the dainties I have enjoyed, in company with other dogs, at those gastronomic feeds of civic grandeur so invitingly spread forth on that annual epoch of feasting and frolic called Lord Mayor’s-day.

Oh! the number of felicitous reminiscences I could offer up to the shrine of the deity “Aristologous,”† in reference to divers matters of that gormandising period—that once miserable misanthropic month, which on its ninth day used to induce melancholy mortals to cut the thread of this life, instead of their mutton—to forego the delicious influence of “jugged hare,” hot, spiced and redolent with port, as fancy’s vein might open to the choice at such a season, for the purpose of opening the *jugular* vein; but which, now the “march of intellect”—or whatever applicable *march* may have been adopted for the wise

* The author must not be impeached for any endeavour to violate respect in the application of this term, for sincerely, with Horace, he asserts, “*Odi profanum vulgus*,” &c.

† Represented in mythology as the God of the Gourmands, in whose temple, erected to his worship, posterity has handed down the names of numerous disciples; and not least enthusiastic in their offering may be classed many members of the civic corporation.

determination of running down such montrosities—distinctly authorises a truce to sadness and suicide, and pitches dull care overboard, giving very proper preference to those tons of turtle, barricades of baronial beef, pipes of port, and cataracts of champagne that are demolished and consumed on those annual November *ninths* with so much *gout*; which, amalgamated together, fearlessly fling down the gauntlet to gout and apoplexy, throughout the lists of civic corporation. Who would give credence to the fact, scarcely, that there are a *few legitimate dogs* at this present period in the senate? Why, the last Lord Mayor but one or two, is a dog!—ay, and of the most choice breed; and as for aldermen, there is but few that are not *confirmed* dogs. We have bankers who are dogs, and common councilmen, and cits of the first brilliancy; a regiment of such dogs, if necessary, could be *collared* at an hour's notice.

Then we have our galas, too—our yearly festivals of fun and freedom—our great and gaudy gatherings in the ancient Guildhall of our revered city, to the great discomfiture and the quietude of those Siamese relics of barbarous times, Gog and Magog!—our marine trips, gay reader, to the Nore, and in which trip every dog almost is attended, or I should say rather accompanied by a—egad! I had nearly made a slip there; but I mean to infer that every dog almost, has his “better half” or his “lady love,” or a lady acquaintance, for whom such dog may entertain a discreet and honourable passion, or a Platonic affection—and then we dogs do the liber, as well as the amiable, and show our attention to our feminine partners with the most determined diligence; rewarded in their fascinating smiles and glances, and not less amused in the ascetic, semi-salt-and-waterish compliments of some of our less fortunate bachelor dogs, beyond the shady side of middle life, evidently chagrined at our connubial or colloquial comforts.

But I fear I am getting prosy; so, my friendly reader, I'll endeavour to come to the end of my *tail*; still, having examined so much of the said tale, have the goodness to affirm, although it may appear occasionally somewhat *waggyish*, it is free from *puppyism*, and that I am not liable to lose your esteem, because I am nothing more nor less than a dog! 'Tis time, then, to throw aside further metaphor, and elucidate these dog-like doings in reality.

Reader, let us take a glance at our modern Babylon; behold its multitudes of mummery—its boundless stores of bagatelle—its characteristic clubs, from the Carlton to the Cobblers'—the “Sons of Harmony,” Jolly Cocks, “or any other *jolly* clique in the precincts of old Drury, the Seven-dials, and such descriptive localities.

Well, be not astonished, my friend, if within the vast range of this motley *méridian* I point out to you a *club* of the olden time, 'yclept, *The Dogs*!

The Dogs? Ay, the Dogs! Do not give indifference to thy introduction to their civic regions, for if they be neither so classic nor Corinthian in their style as those at the court-end of the Metropolis, they are not without their value; and though, perchance, the “Dogs” have been *barked* at, they derive consolation from Theodosius, who wisely remarks: “If it be by indiscreet levity that any one has spoken unjustly of us, we ought not to regard it; if it is by folly, we ought to pity him; if it be by ill-will, we ought to pardon him.” “Very true,” whispers the reader, “but where is this said *dog-kennel*?—this said City Club?” Hold thy impatient query, and give me thine ear. Some two hundred yards beyond the site where anciently stood the “Bishops'-gate,” and closely approximating to a place called Sun-street—but in which corner of the City the libelled jolly-faced deity scarcely ever condescends to exhibit the slightest portion of his ruby tinted visage—you may discover a nook, or corner, abutting from the Bishops'-gate-street; and only that the history of this sketch will have given to it hereafter—

“A local habitation and a name,”

one might pass by the said nook a hundred times, and not recognise there existed, in the shape of a *street* in this angular old-fashioned avenue, any

thoroughfare whatsoever; but there is one—there is a STREET, and which some antideluvian wag in building, by way of a felicitous joke, in pronouncing its baptismal cognomen, designated it WIDEGATE-STREET! A wider stretch of imaginative badinage and gratuitous falsehood never existed; for I assure the reader that the opposite neighbours in this said WIDEGATE-STREET can shake each other by the hand every morning they rise without stirring beyond their window-sill, so narrow is the limit of their acquaintance; but although there is something libellous about its cognomen, there is nothing of the sort in the identity of the club therein actually existing; no, for in the centre of that said street stands one of the most unpretending taverns in appearance that may be conceived; one which the colossal age of improvement, with its talismanic touch, has not yet modernised, or, perhaps, *palace-ised*; and over its Gothic doorway there has stood for nearly the last century the painted sign of THE Dog; and in the club-room of that hostelry for the same period of time has been established—but not generally recognised—the truly-philanthropic, facetious, “rite merrie, full of plesente conceite and humoure,” CITY CLUB, proud of its designation—

THE DOGS.*

* Alderman Waithman, some years since celebrated in civic history, if I recollect rightly, gave this eccentric club its first *éclat* by being elected a member; of course it created a fashion, then, for the citizens of repute to become enrolled; the variety which have subsequently followed the example among all grades of our civic gentry is astonishingly great—many from curiosity; others from various motives—parochial and political not exempted—doubtless; and I am aware that several, from local connexions, have considered it not an ill-paid compliment to be designated a dog; nor to refuse an occasional invitation to its club for the purpose of spending a social hour and an amusing night in vocal harmony with THE DOGS.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES
OF
THE KINGS OF ENGLAND.

RICHARD II.

"England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds:
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Oh! would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!"*

THESE were the words which fell from the lips of the old Duke of Gaunt when, stretched on his death-bed, he addressed his nephew, Richard II; and, to use Shakspeare's expressive language, gave "wholesome counsel to his unstaied youth." Alas! *that* counsel came too late—it met no hearty response in Richard's bosom: favourites had seared his mind to the rugged but admirable traits in his uncle's character. Little did the king think that such deep meaning pervaded the forebodings of the expiring old courtier, or that even then his crown was doomed to be placed on the head of his aged relative's son, the Duke of Lancaster, afterwards Henry IV. The future was fortunately hid from the young and inexperienced king; he could not realise the prophetic speeches of John of Gaunt, uttered with a force and truth peculiar to the man who, seeing death immediately in view, hastens to discharge his last duty. Richard even ridiculed the pictures, that he had drawn of the present state of the country, and called him

—"A lunatic, lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek: chasing the royal blood
With fury from his native residence."†

Richard II., the son of the Black Prince, was born in 1365, and at the early age of eleven years succeeded to the throne which his grandfather, Edward III., had filled with so much glory. The last public act performed by this monarch towards his infant successor, was bestowing upon him, at Windsor, in the presence of the Knights of the Garter, the honour of that distinction. The coronation of the young prince was celebrated on the 16th of July, 1377, with great splendour; all was joy and hope: the future was regarded with bright anticipations; no untoward event served to damp the pleasure of the festive occasion. It is in reference to this sovereign, that we find the first mention of that curious custom observed at the king's coronation dinner at Westminster Hall, of a warrior appearing, fully armed, who threw down his gauntlet, with a challenge to any one who should dispute his royal master's title to the crown. A practice so characteristic of the times had probably existed

* Shakspeare's Play of *Richard the Second*. † *Ibid*.

before Richard's accession, though there are no *data* which, we believe, set the matter fully at rest. The chivalrous character of the dark ages has long since passed into oblivion; we hear nought of the ancient *tournaments*, the courtly ladies, the richly-capparisoned knight on his well-formed steed; these have long been numbered among the things of yore, and on their ruins a new structure has arisen, which will, doubtless, in course of time succumb to the mutations of succeeding eras. There is no period in our history but what is marked by some distinguishing feature: revolutions have shook kingdoms to their very centres, and given a new aspect to the people, the State, and the world; generations have sunk into dust, only to be followed by a race of men more active, more numerous, and perhaps more worthy of commendation; commerce, literature, and the arts have experienced, and are destined to undergo still further changes—in short, alteration and progression are the watchwords, not merely in one hemisphere, but in all quarters of the globe. Whether, however, this universal law of change bears improvement along its mighty track, is another matter, certainly deserving of consideration; but the conclusion to which the inquirer may arrive, will we fear, partake very much of a negative character.

Richard's youth, and consequent inexperience, rendering it necessary that the government should be confided to those of established ability, the Parliament appointed his three uncles, the Dukes of Lancaster, York, and Gloucester, regents of the kingdom: and in addition, several persons were selected to watch over the boyish monarch's education. The latter circumstance contrasts somewhat strangely with the fact of the citizens of London having, just after the demise of Edward III., sent a deputation, headed by Sir John Philpot,* to Kingston, to wait upon the young prince, for the purpose of acknowledging him as their rightful ruler, and to "request that he would please to honour them with his presence and nearer residence." The critical state of England's Continental and Scottish possessions demanded the most vigorous policy on the part of the administration; but so exhausted were the country's finances that considerable subsidies became requisite before any decided measures could be adopted. And even after the supplies had been replenished, the military operations in France were conducted in such a manner that a favourable result seldom attended the British arms. The bright sun of success, which had shone with such splendour during the preceding reign, had, alas! long set; the country had lost two warriors of unequalled capacity; while England's opponents had now become more fitted to cope with and conquer their assailants. Altogether, the administration seems to have been characterised by profuseness and inefficiency, while Richard's policy was guided by favouritism—evils which a declining exchequer could by no means support, and which, therefore, could be continued only at the cost of excessive taxation. Such was the condition of affairs, when the imposition of a tax of twelve pence on every person above the age of fifteen, led to the most important struggle for freedom which had

* The services that this valiant alderman of London rendered during the present reign to the commerce of England, may well prove an apology for referring to his life. The coasts were at one time terribly ravaged by Frenchmen and others, who did great damage, not only to the merchant vessels, but to the sea-port towns; and although the evil was represented to the Government, no measures were adopted to rectify it. Whereupon, Sir John Philpot, at his own expense, fitted out some ships, manned with a thousand troops, and boldly essayed to drive away the piratical cruisers. Completely successful, he returned to London, where the public enthusiasm manifested did credit to the citizens. The only memorial which now exists of the naval alderman is to be found in the name of a narrow lane in Fenchurch-street, called Philpot-lane. Contemporaneous with him, but of a more military character, was William Walworth, who killed Wat Tyler, for which he was knighted by his royal master, and a pension bestowed on him of a hundred pounds—then a large sum of money. Shades of humanity! Where, in this vast Metropolis, will you find two such worthy, such martial, such energetic men? Not within the precincts of the Mansion House. Turtle and fighting are inimical!

yet agitated the populace. It is beyond all question that serfdom had for some centuries existed in England, caused in a degree by the feudal system, but principally by the barbarism and darkness of the age; but as the nobles began to emerge from their gross ignorance, the public rights were asserted, the royal prerogatives lessened, and, as a necessary consequence, the government became based on more liberal principles. The lower classes witnessed with intense interest those measures which ameliorated the condition of the higher ranks, and occasionally the people received an extension of their just rights; but the latter were granted them so tardily and reluctantly that a growing feeling pervaded the masses that some onward movement should be made. It is worthy of mention that this opinion was materially strengthened by the harangues of one John Ball, a priest—who, in common charity, cannot be considered as anything than *raving mad*—whose doctrine represented that “all men being sons of Adam, there ought to be no distinction, and, consequently, it was their duty to reduce the world to a perfect equality.” As it was natural to expect that the promulgation among a mass of uneducated, but thinking, persons of ideas at once so dangerous and unsound, should raise a mountain of hatred against the higher classes, so it was equally probable that the populace would embrace the first opportunity for endeavouring to annihilate those inequalities of station which, in reality, form the most powerful bulwark of national strength. It seems a matter of great surprise that individuals in the possession of reason should ever countenance the principle of EQUALITY; and not only so, but should advocate the establishment of FRATERNITY; both of which are the most impracticable and absurd notions that the nineteenth century has yet originated! Our very constitution precludes their existence; a fact which plainly shows that universal relationship, leaving out of the question *equality*, was never intended by the Creator.

We have, however, rather digressed from our subject. The rebellion, of which Wat Tyler was the chief promoter, arose from the circumstance of his refusing to pay the *poll-tax* that the rigorous collector alleged was fairly due from his daughter, and on the sturdy blacksmith resenting the indignity with which the public functionary treated her, an outbreak ensued, that ended in Tyler striking him dead with his hammer. The insurrection had now begun—the spectators applauded the deed, and resolved to defend his conduct. The intelligence spread rapidly, so that in a short time more than a hundred thousand men assembled at Blackheath, in May, 1381; from whence they sent a messenger to Richard (who had taken shelter in the Tower), requesting a conference, which, however, was not immediately granted. The mob then proceeded to London, bent on revenge for the injuries that they supposed the upper ranks had hitherto inflicted upon them. The citizens offered but feeble resistance to so numerous a force, whose ravages and cruelties were certainly of a most reprehensible character, the guilty suffering alike with the innocent, till at last they deemed it desirable to come to some terms with their monarch. It was in this stage of the crisis that Richard exhibited an amount of decision and bravery far beyond his years, and of which his previous course gave no indication. He boldly met their leader, Wat Tyler, in Smithfield, on the 15th of June (both of them being on horseback), but so extravagant were his demands, and so familiar was his bearing towards the king, that William Walworth, the Lord Mayor, incensed at his conduct, and fearing some collision might ensue, “plunged a short dagger into Tyler’s throat, who falling to the ground, was “despatched by Standish, one of the king’s esquires.”* Now was the critical time: the people seeing

* It may not be altogether useless to give the following extract relative to Wat Tyler’s confederates, contained in “A Chronicle of London from 1089 to 1483:”—“And on the morrow after—that is to say, Friday, and then on Saturday after Corpus Christi day, the King anon rode into Smithfield, and William Walworth, then being Lord Mayor, Sir Robert Knolles, and also Aldermen and other citizens of London, with him: and there they met with Jack Straw, leader of the insurgents. And this Jack Straw, having

their champion slain, placed themselves in an attitude of revenge, but Richard with extraordinary presence of mind, rode up to them, and addressed them in these words, "What, my people! will you, then, kill your king? Be not concerned for the loss of your leader; I myself will now be your general; follow me into the fields, and you shall have whatever you desire." His speech quelled the turbulent and troubled ocean of men: they advanced towards Islington, where, in the mean time a body of troops having arrived, the insurgents, awed by the presence of superior forces, quietly dispersed.

It has been too much the custom of writers to speak of this rebellion in the most reproachful, bigoted, and unjust terms; and, at the same time, to extenuate the proceedings of the higher classes, whenever they have made a determined stand for the concession or defence of their liberties. Now, every person of ordinary candour must admit that such an historian is far from possessing that measure of impartiality so necessary in his vocation: and though it is far—very far, from our wish to appear in the light of approvers of the doctrine of popular insurrection, yet we consider the object of which Wat Tyler was at first the consistent representative, requires that something should be done towards wresting the name of the blacksmith of Dartford from the ignominy and odium with which it has been hitherto surrounded. The demands which he and his partisans endeavoured to secure, were these:—"The abolition of bondage, the liberty of buying and selling in fairs and markets, a general pardon, and the reduction of the rent of land to an equal rate. The last of these conditions was indeed unjust and absurd; but the first of them, though incapable of being carried into immediate execution without probably producing much mischief to themselves, was yet of such indisputable justice on general grounds, as to make it most excusable in the sufferers to accept nothing less from their oppressors."* Every right-minded person must assuredly concur in the sentiments of this quotation, which reveals in a very few words the nature of the people's demands. The point wherein they, as well as almost all other popular leaders have failed, was in the mode of enforcing their liberties—they were too cruel, too extravagant in their requests, when victory had given them a temporary advantage—they were not sufficiently deliberate and guarded in their conduct; and yet what else could be expected from a mass of men, fevered in imagination, revengeful, and thinking to gain everything by wholesale devastation? Their demands were at first moderate and proper, but with a little success, they became extravagant, and thus impeded the very measures whose progress they sought to accelerate. It is, however, neither honest nor necessary to charge Wat Tyler with the misdeeds of his partisans, over whom it was impossible for him to exercise any material control. He himself seems to have acted with a degree of caution, combined with vigour, not generally found in men of his stamp, and so far from casting infamy on his name it should be our object to palliate his excesses, and to blame the upper classes for their determined resistance to the concession of liberties, to which every man, whether rich or poor, has a most undoubted right. Those who struggle for freedom, who become the leaders in the war against oppressors, though their career may not be unstained by barbaric effusions of blood, deserve well of their country—they have felt the evils of serfdom, the crushing hand of unfeeling masters; and the natural consequences of such treatment must inevitably drive them, while

his hat on, spake to the king, as it had been to his fellow: and John Blyton, who carried the mayor's sword, ordered him take off his hat while he addressed his Majesty: wherefore Jack Straw 'waxed angry' and threatened to wound Blyton with his dagger. And then William Walworth, mayor of London, drew his sword and smote Jack Straw on the head, and with that Standish, the king's sword bearer, ran Jack Straw through the body with a sword, and there he fell down dead." In this quaint narrative, we have preserved as far as possible the peculiar expression of the original; but where necessary, words have been omitted or substituted in order to render the sense complete.

* Mackintosh's History.

seeking for their liberation from a weight of so great a magnitude, to perpetrate crimes which under a milder rule they would shudder at and avoid.

The principal feature in Richard's disposition was to govern his dominions with despotic will. Had he possessed those good intellectual capacities, that desire to promote the public welfare, by which even some despotisms have been characterised, such a system of administration would not then have been prejudicial; but, on the contrary, it might rather have been beneficial, especially in the turbulent and rugged state of England at that period. The stripling king, however, had few or no qualities requisite to render him an able, and at the same time, an absolute monarch. He was a sorry descendant of his renowned father; he attached himself to favourites, who perverted his mind, who obstructed the enactment of wise measures, and as a natural consequence raised the people's animosity, not alone against Richard, but against themselves. Notwithstanding all that may be said to blacken the lives of his uncles, the Dukes of Lancaster and Gloucester, it must be admitted that, although their private advantage was generally primarily considered, yet they advocated the popular rights in a manner that should always command admiration, and *that* too, when an opposite course would have secured them the favour of their royal nephew. It was at a very early age, that the king, impressed with the idea of his own power, adopted the hazardous expedient of depriving Scrope, the Lord Chancellor, of his seals of office, on account of that functionary refusing to annex the great seal to a document containing a grant made to one of Richard's courtiers. The nation saw in this act—which, however, was applauded by his favourites—the germ of a most distasteful policy, at once indicative of weakness and a disregard of the general good.

About the year 1385, preparations were simultaneously made in France and in Scotland for military enterprises against England; and so alarming were they that a large army was quickly raised, with which the king, with the Duke of Lancaster, marched towards the north, for the purpose of punishing the Scottish insurgents. But Richard was no warrior, and knew not how to improve his advantages; for while his troops entered by Berwick, the Scots hastened over the borders and ravaged the neighbouring counties, returning to their homes with little loss. The duke, by whom he was accompanied, repeatedly urged the adoption of vigorous and decided measures to chastise the enemy, but so unavailing were his counsels, owing to his having incurred the animosity of this sovereign's favourites, that the Scottish invasion, instead of averting an evil, led to the commission of fresh outrages, and cast obloquy on the British arms. In the following year the French monarch, embracing the opportunity of England's most efficient soldiers being engaged in the Spanish expedition conducted by Lancaster, projected an invasion, on a plan nearly similar to what Buonaparte attempted in 1804, but fortunately they both shared the same end—failure.

A feeling of dissatisfaction had long prevailed in the Parliament, respecting the manner in which the numerous subsidies had been appropriated, and the idea became general that they had been idly squandered by those to whom they were entrusted. With this impression, a petition was presented to the king, praying for the removal of the Chancellor and the Treasurer (both of whom were his most devoted ministers) and the examination of all concerned in the management of the country's finances. Richard received the address with the greatest indignation, reminding the Commons that they should attend to the business for which they were assembled—(namely, that of considering the means to avert the threatened French invasion), and added that “to please the Parliament, he would not turn out the meanest scullion in his kitchen.” Some time elapsed ere the king deigned to give them a further reply, but in the meanwhile the deputies acted with such prudence and decision that rather than produce a rupture, he removed the two obnoxious individuals, whom, however, he shortly afterwards recalled and re-instated in their former offices (1386). It cannot be denied that the Duke of Gloucester's conduct at

this period went far to deprive Richard of all power in the administration, and of this he became so sensible that he used measures to gain over the House of Commons to his views; but failing in that, he influenced the judges, who stated that the actors in the late opposition to the crown had infringed the royal prerogative, and were consequently amenable to punishment. The duke, with his confederates, receiving intelligence of this nature, collected their troops and marched to London, where the leaders had a conference with the king, whom they reproached with concerting a plot to remove them, to which he replied "with a shower of tears." The belief that his proceedings were owing more to his evil counsellors than to himself, "rendering them" (in Rapin's words) "more tractable, it was agreed the king should on the morrow be at Westminster to settle with them the affairs of the Government. Hardly were they out of the Tower" (then Richard's residence) "before he altered his mind, and sent them word he would not confer with them. This fickleness so incensed them that they immediately let him know in case he came not to Westminster next day, according to his promise, they would go themselves, and proceed to the election of a new king. So precise a declaration threw him into such a fright that he not only came to the place of conference, but consented also to the banishment of his two principal favourites, with the Archbishop of York, the bishops of Durham and Chichester, and several other lords and ladies who had favoured the designs of the court." A Parliament was subsequently convened (3rd of February, 1388), at which two acts of a somewhat singular character were passed, one of which exculpated the king from all criminal participation in the late outbreaks; the other, that certainly indicated much humanity, "granted a general pardon to both parties." All disputes were thus amicably arranged, the new ministers acted with prudence, and it seemed not improbable that the rest of his reign would be tranquil and prosperous. Even Richard himself manifested his satisfaction, if we may judge from the circumstance of his renewing the coronation oath, and receiving the homage and allegiance of the nobility. Most assuredly England had suffered long enough from the want of harmony in the public administration; she had been exposed to the factions and disorders of party feuds, over which the king had not the ability to exercise any salutary control; her barons had asserted at the point of the sword what they deemed to be their indisputable privileges; the sovereign, naturally vindictive, had yielded to the prejudicial influence of his pampered ministers, in whose destruction—whether reluctantly or not, it is difficult to say, he participated—and what was the result? An augmented power accrued to the Parliament; the nation became almost unconsciously aware of its mighty authority over the State; the impotence of favouritism grew more apparent, and the country made yet further progress towards understanding what are the real functions of government. The rebellions of those times, however, admit of little comparison with those that were then hid in the dim future: society was then, as now, in a state of transition, progress, and improvement.

The late change was followed by a calm in the troubled sea of politics, the very existence of which, so far from indicating a continued tranquillity, foretold of approaching events that would in some measure alter the aspect of public affairs. Richard, round whom his uncle Gloucester had woven a net which his nephew could ill bear, convened his cabinet together; and considering that, at the age of twenty-two, he was fairly entitled to perform the duties appertaining to the regal office, he addressed them in these words:—"Since I have attained years of manhood, I will govern my dominions myself; the condition of a king ought not to be worse than that of his subjects, who are at that age at liberty to manage their own concerns. I have long been under the control of tutors, and I will now first show my right to power by their removal. I thank you, my lords, for your past services, but shall require them no longer." The former ministry was dismissed, and a new one formed, the members of which, Richard thought, would be less likely to oppose his wishes. It is worthy of record that the Great Seal was confided to William of Wykeham, the Bishop

of Winchester, a man whose actions were destined to benefit not merely his own era, but ages then unborn. Though his family was neither noble nor wealthy, he received a good education at the spot that he subsequently so much benefited: was employed in the capacity of Surveyor of Windsor, the castle of which he rebuilt, at the request of Edward III., in a style of imposing grandeur, that succeeding ages acknowledge reflects great credit on the taste and ability of its clerical architect. Promotions and honours were now conferred upon him with the utmost profusion, but so generous was his disposition, so well balanced was his mind, that his civil and ecclesiastical preferments were only the means of doing good; for it is said that "he only received the revenues of the church with one hand to expend them in her service with the other." He was twice Chancellor of England, besides having sustained other minor offices, during which he discharged his exalted functions to the satisfaction both of his sovereign and of the public. But the most admirable feature in his life we have yet to notice: the bold stand which he made against clerical laxity. Wherever abuses existed, William of Wykeham was found in the ranks of the reformer; immorality, want of discipline, neglect of the sacred duties, were matters against which he protested with vigour and courage. Nothing daunted by the enormity of the offence, this Christian bishop exerted every nerve to render his religion worthy of the Divine Being whose cause he not inefficiently represented. He was, however, equally deserving of approbation in the light of a benefactor to Winchester Cathedral, as the founder of a school there, and of the New College at Oxford. By these acts he has bequeathed to posterity a legacy of everlasting value, he has contributed to diffuse the advantages of education, and has unconsciously encircled his own name with a wreath of fame which will endure so long as those cities preserve the noble institutions that he established. The poor boy of Wykeham, who entered Winchester alone and unknown—even then, perhaps, meditating on the improvements that he should make in the fine old cathedral of that town—ended his life in September, 1404, unsullied in character, loved by his countrymen, and now sleeps in the beautiful and graceful chantry of the sacred edifice that he so much enriched.

"No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his father and his God."

The system of tutelage under which Richard had so long lived, was fraught with danger as well as with good; for when he had asserted his right to be a king—not in name as formerly, but in reality—he ruled with an absolutism paralleled only in the times of Charles I. Now, though this may be solved in a measure, by remembering what his disposition was, yet the more probable explanation will be found in the circumstance, that hitherto his restraint had been so irksome that when an opportunity presented of throwing off that control, he eagerly embraced it, and rather than lose any part of his freedom, he plunged into the opposite extreme. His administration consequently degenerated into a despotism. His Parliaments were now formed of members pledged to support whatever measures, whether arbitrary or not, he might introduce; his actions were tyrannical and unconstitutional; his uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, was by his orders, secretly conveyed to Calais and afterwards deprived of life, while many of those who had taken part in limiting the king's sway, were either imprisoned or banished. Pardons were annulled, acts passed in previous Parliaments were declared void: in short, a line of policy was adopted utterly subversive of all the privileges contained in the Magna Charta, and of such a nature as to render this reign almost as absolute as any upon record. But exorbitant taxation, unjust proceedings, England reduced to poverty, her most influential and popular nobles either expatriated or confined in dungeons, served in course of time to awaken the public attention, to raise a powerful faction desirous of dethroning Richard, against whom a conspiracy was formed, com-

menced, and completed during his stay in Ireland. Thither he went in May, 1399, to quell the rebellion which had recently broken out in that country, and there he was destined to remain while those events progressed in his own dominions that deprived him of a crown which he never knew how to wear, and which the populace sagaciously thought would be far better placed on the head of Henry, the young Duke of Lancaster, the king's cousin. The malcontents could not have chosen a more favourable juncture than during Richard's absence in Ireland, accompanied as he was by nearly all the troops, and while the government was temporarily confided to the Duke of York, a man whose popularity was trifling when compared with Lancaster's. These circumstances being duly appreciated, satisfactory representations were made to the banished lords, then at the French court, who, in concert with Henry of Lancaster, landed at Ravenspur on the 4th July, and such was the unanimity of the inhabitants, that before long their army numbered 60,000 men. The regent not only made a most ineffectual resistance, but soon deserted his colours, and entered the invaders' ranks. Everything seemed to favour the enterprise, the Londoners received Lancaster with enthusiastic delight, and those who might have been considered Richard's staunch friends, threw off the hollow mask, and forsook the sinking fortunes of their absent sovereign. During this interval of mighty changes, the king was detained by contrary winds in fancied security; but when the news did arrive, mingled remorse and sorrow overwhelmed the impolitic ruler. There must be something peculiarly acute and distressing in the feelings of a monarch, who having adopted measures that he imagined would render his power impregnable, his authority indisputable, his dominions perfectly safe, sees one falling into decay, the other set aside, and the last invaded. Such an emergency deprives him of all resources; he is cut off from those asylums to which men of less rank can readily resort; he is, in fact, bereft of every prerogative which he believed belonged to him as a matter of necessity.

If we can realise these ideas, then we may form some notion of the varied emotions which filled Richard's mind as he landed, with six attendants, at Milford Haven, from whence he travelled in disguise to Conway Castle, there to meet a few devoted followers. With his departure, the Earl of Worcester, Master of the Royal Household, probably desirous of joining Lancaster's party, broke his white staff,—an act which implied that he relinquished his authority, and that those under him were discharged from all obligations in respect to the king. Richard trusted to his cousin's generosity, well knowing that opposition was futile, and that conciliation would be far better. A conference was held near Chester, on the 20th of August, 1399, when, according to Mackintosh's History, Henry entered the apartment uncovered, and bent his knee for the last time to his royal captive. "Fair cousin of Lancaster," said Richard, uncovering himself, "you are welcome." "My lord," answered Henry, "I am come before my time; but your people complain that they have been governed too rigorously for twenty years. If it please God, I will help you to govern them better." "Fair cousin," replied the king—for the last time performing the part of king, "since it pleaseth you, it pleaseth me well." After this interview the two princes accompanied each other to London; Richard was incarcerated in the Tower, while Lancaster prepared the way for ascending the throne of his fallen relative. Alas! misfortune had done what nothing else can do. Neither power nor popular sympathy attended him. The duke and his party were predominant, and, conscious of these circumstances, he resolved to surrender the crown; making neither a single struggle, nor attempting to secure an asylum consistent with his rank and former position. Accordingly, on the 29th of September, in the presence of his rival, several bishops, and other functionaries assembled in the Tower, he delivered to Lancaster the ensigns of royalty; and, by a document bearing his signature, absolved his subjects from their allegiance; and, to use his own words, "do confess, acknowledge, and truly, of certain knowledge, judge myself to be insufficient for the government of the said kingdoms and dominions, and, for my notorious demerits, not unworthily deposed." So abject and so pitiful a de-

claration must have been the result either of weak capacities, or, what, perhaps, is more probable, the force of the duke's superior power, induced him to yield unconditionally, rather than to act on the defensive without the remotest chance of ultimate success. Richard was, undoubtedly, a man of the most ordinary ability; he had no genius for war, legislation, or administration. His inclination was towards a despotic rule, and his idea of the kingly prerogatives comprehended nearly everything under the sun. For a monarch of this character, it is impossible to entertain even common respect; and yet there have been some worse, far worse, than even he was;—melancholy specimens of creation; fit only to be denizens of a world where they would alone find kindred spirits.

The articles of accusation against Richard were numerous, with a strange mixture of justice and injustice. Every act deserving of censure was recorded: proceedings which he had hoped were long buried in oblivion, were revived and commented upon; and, by the general voice of Parliament, sentence of deposition pronounced on the guilty sovereign. Truly this is a lesson of deep meaning; a lesson which was not the first time to be impressed upon the wearers of the regal diadem—a lesson that those in the humbler ranks of society learn from infancy. Richard lost his crown from infringing the statutes of royalty; the subject forfeits his liberty by breaking those salutary laws which are the life-blood of the State. In the course, however, of the subsequent discussion, as to the disposal of the ex-monarch, one Thomas Merks, the Bishop of Carlisle, in a long and not unargumentative speech, endeavoured to show the injustice inflicted upon the captive king, in not allowing him to be tried in the usual form: that his crimes deserved not deposition—that Lancaster was not warranted in accepting the crown—and, moreover, protested most emphatically against the measures resorted to by the Parliament in the whole of this affair. His harangue proved totally ineffectual: it was determined, on the 27th October, 1399, by the lords spiritual and temporal, in Henry's presence, that Richard should be consigned to perpetual imprisonment, and that the utmost secrecy should be observed in all transactions of which he was the subject.

“As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard: no man cried ‘God save him;’
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,—
That had not God for some strong purpose steel'd
The hearts of men, they must, perforce, have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.”—*Shakspeare.*

He was afterwards removed from the Tower to Leeds Castle, in Kent, and then to Pomfret Castle, in Yorkshire, where he died; but whether from voluntary starvation induced by despair, or intentional on the part of his keepers, seems to be involved in great doubt. Some allege that he was killed in a struggle with Sir Pyers, of Exton, four of whose attendants he is said to have slain in defending his person. This version probably deserves the least credence of all; for there is nothing to confirm the idea of Lancaster or his ministers instructing Sir Pyers to attempt to destroy Richard; while the fact of the conspiracy that shortly before failed, the object of which was to rescue the dethroned prince and restore him to his former rank, having so wrought upon his mind as to produce despair, lends additional belief to the supposition that he voluntarily deprived himself of food, in order to terminate his wretched existence. But whatever was the real cause of his death, there appears little reason to implicate

his successor in the deed. Richard's remains "Were conveyed from Pomfret to the Tower, and thence to St. Paul's Cathedral, where"—says Froissart—"he lay; his head upon a black cushion, and his visage open; some had pity on him, and some had none, but said he had long ago deserved death." He was interred at Langley, but was subsequently removed to Westminster Abbey.* This pious office was performed by Henry V., in addition to which he founded three religious houses near Richmond, in Surrey, that Richard's soul might be prayed for day and night. At the time of his decease he was about the age of thirty-four, and had reigned rather more than twenty-two years. He left no children: his queen, Anne of Luxemburg, to whom he was married in January, 1382, died in 1394; but he afterwards formed an alliance with the French princess, Isabella, a matter highly unpalatable to his uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, and productive of no advantage to England.

The principal events in the life of Richard II. have now been cursorily related. We have seen how he was raised to the throne when a boy, and thrust from it when a man; how he quelled the popular rebellion, and produced one which eventually crushed him. We have seen, in short, how incompetent he was to rule over the destinies of a nation just beginning to know in what manner the administration should be conducted, and which had naturally expected more from the son of their renowned military hero, Edward the Black Prince, than they might have done from the descendant of a sire of lesser fame. Sadly were they disappointed; and yet Richard had some few qualities worthy of admiration. He was not so destitute of them as many historians would lead us to believe. Unsited as he was to the times in which he lived, it is not improbable that in a different age, when the regal prerogatives were more accurately defined, and the majority of the power vested in the cabinet, instead of in the sovereign, he would have proved not only a good monarch, but would have far excelled several of his successors. Though not of a martial spirit, he was moderately brave: he preferred negotiation to war, and adopted a defensive rather than an aggressive policy. Few kings could have acted with more wisdom and success than did Richard II. when surrounded by the leaders of the Wat Tyler rebellion, burning with revenge and animosity against the murderers of that fierce demagogue. The youthful king on this occasion showed that the spirit of his ancestor had not yet departed: he did not order a wholesale massacre of the mob, but conciliated them, and led them away from the spot where their feelings would be excited by the fate of their champion. Here, however, approbation must cease. The subsequent proceedings of the Government towards the popular party deserve censure rather than approval. But it is as a whole, not as a part, that the lives of public men should be viewed; for as it is unjust to draw a conclusion from one circumstance alone, so is it equally incorrect to form an opinion of Richard's character and disposition from the few redeeming qualities with which he was endowed. He failed as a legislator, a warrior, and a ruler. He was extravagant, fond of pleasures, and heedless of the means by

* This extract is from an interesting work, published some years ago, entitled "Memoirs of the Tower of London." With regard to the circumstances connected with Richard's death, Tytler, in his "History of Scotland," says that he "contrived to effect his escape from Pomfret Castle; that he travelled in disguise to the Scottish Isles; and that he was there discovered in the kitchen of Donald, the Lord of the Isles, by a jester who had been bred up at his court; that Donald, Lord of the Isles, sent him, under the charge of the Lord Montgomery, to Robert III., King of Scotland, by whom he was supported as became his rank, as long as that monarch lived; that he was, after the death of the king, delivered to the Duke of Albany, the governor of the kingdom, by whom he was honourably treated; and that he finally died in the Castle of Stirling in the year 1419, and was buried on the north side of the altar, in the Church of the Preaching Friars, in the town of that name." So much for the versions of the transaction in question; but the light in which Mr. Tytler has viewed it, novel and romantic as it is, appears altogether erroneous, and consequently the preponderance of belief is in favour of the circumstance that the despairing Richard died from the very singular cause of voluntary starvation.

which he gratified his lavish propensities. He patronised courtiers who promoted his wishes, whether objectionable to the people or not, and evinced little ambition to distinguish himself in those spheres of action in which his predecessor reaped an undying reputation. The times were critical—the king's uncles were aspiring and intriguing—the masses were awaking from their lethargy—Wickliffe had dared to contradict the principles of Papacy, and under the protection of rapidly-increasing ranks to sound the note of an approaching reformation; and amidst these stirring scenes Richard was unable to trust himself on the stream of events; he sought to stem the resistless tide instead of turning it to his own track, and rendering his powerful, clever kinsmen subservient to his own will and the good of the nation. Therein he exhibited his incapacity, and those circumstances and opportunities which he allowed to pass unheeded, men of more vigour, more ability, would have eagerly embraced, in order to consolidate their sway and shed lustre on their administration. The conclusion, therefore, at which every one who examines the subject with due care must arrive, is this, that Richard II., whatever may have been his excellencies, was ill-adapted to wield the sceptre of an empire, the people of which were beginning to liberate themselves from the darkness of long ages.

Melancholy was his fate: severely did he suffer for his misdeeds. In the fortress of Pomfret he lingered out a cheerless, hopeless existence. There he could brood undisturbed over his past life, but the future was to him so blank and gloomy that rather than prolong existence he submitted to starvation. The pangs of hunger and of death keenly visited one who had never perhaps experienced the former, or thought of the latter. No assiduous attendants were there; in the solitude of a prison-house, far removed from friends, neglected and almost forgotten by his subjects, he closed his career. *Sic transit gloria Mundi!*

In a sketch of Richard the Second's life, it is scarcely possible, nor would it be advisable, to omit making some few extracts from Shakspeare's play of that name. We have done so already, and think that no apology is necessary either for introducing those lines, or for any others which may follow. The great dramatist has depicted Richard's course with almost historic accuracy; he has painted the feelings and passions of the principal actors in that monarch's reign with surpassing vividness; and withal he has thrown around them such a charm that nothing save transcendent genius could ever produce. The following speech, which Richard, after his arrival from Ireland, when informed of the defection of his subjects and Lancaster's triumph, recites to his attendant courtiers, bears the stamp of truth in every line; the representation not merely of what Richard felt, but of what every king must feel, if he believes that he is nothing more than an ordinary being, elevated to the highest worldly position, through hereditary right, or the public suffrage:—

—“For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court: and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchise, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit.—
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable; and humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle-wall, and—farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while;
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends:—subjected thus,
How can you say to me—I am a king?”

LINES.

SUGGESTED BY "THE MIRROR" MAGAZINE.

WRITTEN IMPROMPTU

By E. MARIA B. WILLOUGHBYE.

Remove the veil, and let the light of Truth

The loveliest features of the *Mind* unfold,

In all the freshness of immortal youth,—

For *mental beauty* never can grow old ;

There is a trait that speaks the heavenly birth
Of minds that deck the Paradise of earth.

Bring forth the "Mirror!" let the spirit trace

The lineaments Divinity hath wrought ;

For God's own image is not in the face,

But in the brilliant portraiture of *Thought*.

In sun-wrought pictures human forms are given,
And *Soul* is pencilled by the light of heaven.

Glance in the "Mirror!" let the spirit find

How bright-eyed Genius smiles in silken sheen ;

She lives, immortal semblance of the mind,—

Of souls that are, and spirits that have been.

The present and the past in her have birth ;

She wakes at once the things of heaven and earth.

The dead are not the dead while *Mind* survives ;

There is a trait that the ideal gives ;—

Mortality itself, at times, revives, —

And, in remembrance, what hath perished—lives !

Lo ! Greece and Rome are numbered with the past,
But classic shades pourtray them to the last.

The things that *perish* are the thoughts that lie

Hid, or unpencilled, in the neglected mind.

Thoughts are the earth-born angels that will fly

The vision of the world, unless they find

That Genius holds some Mirror, to pourtray

The angel-things that should not pass away.

For Genius lives by courting of her smiles.

The fruits of earth *were* blossoms of the sun ;

The rays advanced fruition, all the while

The daily task of fostering was done.

When doth the virgin blush so bright appear,

As when the loved one with his smile is near ?

Bring forth the "Mirror!" let the spirit trace

The lineaments Divinity hath wrought ;

For God's own image is not in the face,

But in the portraiture of holy thought.

A sun-wrought picture mirrored Genius gives :

The beautiful in the immortal lives !

ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH REPUBLICAN.

By PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

BOOK I.—THE REVOLUTION OF JULY.

CHAPTER IV.—THE HAUTE VENTE.

THERE were several Carbonari societies in France, established with various ends and by various parties. That with which Lafayette had been in constant communication, and which very nearly succeeded in revolutionising France, was not that which Victor Le franc had joined. The sect of Carbonari into which he had been received was small in numbers, but full of energy, and was, above all, Republican and Bonapartist; the great mother society was as much Orleanist as Republican, the duke having left no stone unturned to serve his plans against the Bourbons, his cousins and even benefactors; for it could never be forgotten that his father voted the death of the elder brother of both Louis XVIII. and Charles X.

"You must put on this," said Dumoulin, showing a handkerchief.

"Put it on," replied Victor, calmly.

Dumoulin bound his eyes firmly, and then taking him by the hand, led him some distance along the street. The young man heard him pull a bell, and a door fly open. They then moved on, ascended a stair some distance, descended, and then halted.

Dumoulin knocked. A door flew open.

"Who comes," said a voice, in a thick tone.

"Number four and a neophyte," replied Dumoulin.

The two then advanced, and the handkerchief fell from the eyes of Victor.

He was in a large room, hung round with black and red, while at each corner hung huge tri-coloured flags. The light which filled the room was dim and sombre; but Victor easily recognised by it a number of busts which projected from the walls.

Napoleon, and his generals and friends, the King of Rome, were placed alternately with Robespierre, St. Just, Couthon, Danton, and the other heroes and victims of the great revolution, men who, calumniated, decried, and falsified by priestly historians, will hold in time a much higher place in history than the cold-blooded statesmen who murder the people by economical laws, and who reduce a land intended for twenty millions to twelve by primogeniture and entail—systems which stifle every century untold millions.

A table occupied the centre, at which sat thirteen men, whom Victor was surprised to notice wore masks and loose robes, completely disguising their native appearance.

"Whom bringest thou?" said one at the head of the table, addressing Dumoulin.

The Bonapartist made his report.

"It is well. A strong hand and a young heart is always welcome. Stand forth, neophyte."

"Present," replied Victor.

"Young man," said the president, "you have entered on a dangerous course. Our enemies are unscrupulous and strong. You remember the White Terror of 1816—terror more savage, more atrocious, more base, more cowardly than anything in history; you recollect how everything connected with Napoleon's

name—with that of the Republic—was given up to factitious *émeutes* and hired assassins. The Bourbons struck not openly and boldly, like our great ancestors, but like the crawling, dastard, bigotted, Jesuit-led things they are. Well! worse is reserved for us, if we are discovered."

"I am fully aware of this," replied Victor.

"Then answer my questions. What is your personal wish with regard to France?"

"A democratic republic," said the young man.

Several masks started, and gazed, it seemed, enviously on the journeyman printer.

"You are opposed to monarchy in every shape and form?"

"In every shape and form."

"But do you conceive France prepared for a democratic republic?"

"The only way to know is to try."

"But if she be not prepared?"

"To be prepared, she must live under a republic ten years. France goes backwards under the monarchy."

"But had you to choose between Charles X., the Duke of Orleans, and Napoleon II., which would you choose?"

"Napoleon II.," said Victor, without hesitation.

"That is sufficient. Our society is wholly composed of democrats; but some wish a republic with a president, others a democratic monarchy with Napoleon II. Universal suffrage in both cases."

"I prefer the republic," insisted Victor, "but the monarchy to despotism."

"You have a special report to make," said the president.

Victor related all that he had gathered from the conversation of the priest.

The president took notes.

"Explain your connection with the furious White, the Count de Chanteleuze."

"My father saved the count on the 2nd September, 1792, from the *Septembriseurs*."

"But now?"

Victor related all that the reader already knows. The masks listened attentively.

"Your explanation is clear and explicit. We will leave the subject. What is the *esprit* of the printers?"

"They long to be behind barricades. To a man they adore the *tri-colour*, and detest the white flag."

"Keep up their good intentions, for a few days will decide all. The monarchy imposed on France by the foreigners in 1815 will be dead ere the end of the year."

"I am ready," said Victor.

"Have you a musket?"

"I will get one."

"Do so at once, with fifty ball cartridges, and if you can get two guns, you will be able to accommodate a friend in case of need."

"I will procure two."

"You think Count Theodore of ours?"

"I am sure of it."

"Enough! When you have anything to communicate to the *Haute Vente*, warn Dumoulin. *Salut et fraternité*."

"That is your dismissal," said Dumoulin.

Victor took his arm and moved away, but now no handkerchief was put over his eyes, and he speedily discovered that he was coming from a cellar in the Rue de Valois itself.

"You are satisfied?" asked the Bonapartist.

"Not wholly. It grieves me much to see disunion already in our camp. I dream only of the republic, and I find my fellow conspirators working for another monarchy."

"A popular one."

"Monarchy is never popular. If it does not oppress, it deludes."

"With democratic institutions you govern the monarch."

"Then why have him? He is then a useless and expensive puppet."

"Time will show."

"It will; and now, Dumoulin, good night. My father waits for me." And with these words Victor shook hands and hurried away.

CHAPTER V.—THE GARRET.

VICTOR Lefranc moved slowly to the Rue St Denis, not without looking round him cautiously, for the patrols of the Government were not very particular about the individual liberty of citizens found in the streets at undue hours of the night. The young man was thinking. The image of Helene de Chanteleuze was ever before his eyes, and he could not help bitterly grieving at the hopeless position in which were his private fortunes. Perhaps never did his political ideas inspire him with such bitter feelings as on the present occasion. He could not but curse these social distinctions which made a marriage between the members of two different *castes* almost impossible.

Thinking over these things, Victor Lefranc reached his own door, and pulling the bell, entered.

His father was sitting near the empty fireplace, buried in an arm chair, and smoking.

"Welcome, my son," he said mildly, in a soft tone which was not usually his; "you have performed your duties?"

"All, father, and I am at your service."

"Come, then, Victor," replied Maximilian, rising, and moving towards the door.

Victor took up a lamp, and followed.

They ascended the stairs leading to the very top of the house, and in a few minutes stood before the thick door of the garret occupied by old Maximilian.

The old Republican took a heavy key from his pocket, opened the door, bade Victor come in, and put the light on a table.

Victor obeyed, while his father began to fill his pipe, in order to give him time to look round.

The garret was small, but furnished with a certain degree of elegance. Every article of furniture, however, was more than forty years old. There was a sofa of the days of Louis XVI., a bed of the same, two chairs exactly similar, with a toilette-table of the same reign.

Against the wall hung two pictures: one of a young man of twenty-one in rich court costume, the other of a beautiful young girl in a similar dress.

Above these waved a huge tri-coloured flag, with on the white in letters worn brown with age, "*Section des Sans-Culottes*."

Victor knew the pictures to be those of his father and mother, and his astonishment knew no bounds.

"My son," said Maximilian, gravely, "my words will be brief and explicit. In the year 1790 my name was Charles Victor de La Roche Poussin, Marquis de Frontignac—that of your mother, Marie de Chanteleuze."

"My father!" cried Victor, in a tone of wild astonishment.

"Thy mother, boy, I loved while yet a child, but she was sent to a convent. This decided me. I became a Revolutionist, dropped my titles, took the name of Maximilian Lefranc, tore your mother from the convent, which was her prison, and married her. I became an active agitator with Robespierre and Danton, and Camille Desmoulins especially. The person who had benefited by my disappearance was the Count de Chanteleuze. He inherited the property of both my wife and myself, and I definitively rallied to the Revolution, became a printer for my living."

"My noble father."

"The ninth Thermidor I had a narrow escape. I appeared in the streets with that flag, at the head of the Sans-Culottes, to defend Robespierre, but Tallien and the other *canaïlle* triumphed."

"How did you escape?"

"For the sake of thy mother I hid myself. But to go back. When Danton stained the cause of liberty by his infernal massacres of September, I, Robespierre, and Camille contrived to save some dozens of victims. Amongst the others I saved Henri de Chanteleuze."

"Who is, then?"

"My brother-in-law."

"And he knows it not?"

"He has not the least idea."

"Father! father!" cried Victor, passionately; "he must know all."

"Why, boy?" said old Maximilian.

Victor at once revealed to his father the position of himself, Helene, Marie, and Count Theodore.

"This is grave," exclaimed the printer, ex-marquis; "when I cast off those baubles, and became from love of thy mother a Revolutionist, to remain so from conviction, I never expected to reveal my existence to any out of my own family. But this complication changes all. Henri de Chanteleuze has behaved well. I will have faith in him."

"Father, dear father, let us go wake Marie, and tell her all."

"We will directly. But of public affairs now a little. When do you expect a movement?"

"I cannot think it far off."

When it comes, boy, be brave and cautious at the same time. I do not bid you spare yourself, but do not risk your life unnecessarily."

"I will not."

"And, boy, forget not that we fight for the Republic. To change one master for another is not worth one drop of human blood. If we fight let it be for principle and liberty."

"Father," replied Victor, "I scarce expect victory, because there are too many against us; but if we fail this time, other occasions will offer."

"Let us hope so, son, for democracy is too holy a cause not to triumph ultimately."

"But if we overthrow the Bourbons, rely on it, father, we shall have to struggle with the Bonapartes and Orleans."

"But our turn will come. Kings, oppressors, and tyrants first, the people last."

"But let us go wake Marie," said Victor, warmly; "not that I am proud or vain of the knowledge I have obtained, but because it may serve the love of four persons whose happiness is now in peril."

"Ah! boy, I am not one to sneer at love, when I sacrificed fortune and position, and rank, and everything, for thy dear mother, who smiles on me still every night."

"I remember her, well," said Victor, gazing at the portrait.

"She is engraven on my heart more truly even than there, boy; she lives in you and in your sister."

The old man here rose, and the father and son once more descended the stairs leading from the garret. Victor entered the sitting-room with rapidity, and tapped at the door of the small sleeping apartment occupied by Marie.

"Who is there?"

"Victor and our father."

"I am coming." And Marie, who had not gone to sleep for reasons which the discriminate reader will readily appreciate, soon stood before them.

Victor drew her gently to a chair, and his father seating himself beside them, informed her of all he had learned, and of the hope conceived in his

bosom by his remarkable discovery. Marie could not conceal her emotion and her joy.

"Be not too sanguine, my children," said the old man. "Though the count be my brother-in-law, and you and your young friend cousins, the noble may not choose to recognise a relation who having disappeared for thirty-eight years, suddenly appears upon the scene, unasked and unexpected."

"He is generous and kind hearted, and well disposed to us all," replied Victor, "and this discovery may influence him much."

"It may," said the old man; "and now to rest. Rise early, and we will arrange our plans."

The old man went at once to bed, but the brother and sister had too much to talk of. They remained conversing all night.

CHAPTER VI.—PLANS FOR THE FUTURE.

AT eleven o'clock the next day the old man, still Maximilian Lefranc, was about to go out with Victor and Marie both, when M. de Chanteleuze announced himself by a sharp knock at the door.

"Good morning, my worthy old benefactor," cried the count; "I quite reproach myself with not having called on you for some weeks. But you know how time flies with us who have nothing to do."

"Faster than with hard workers," replied Maximilian.

"Good morning, Victor—good morning, Marie, Helene sends you her love, and hopes to see you this evening."

Marie blushed, and Victor bowed, with respect to their unconscious uncle.

"Monsieur de Chanteleuze," said the old man, assuming an air of aristocratic dignity which remained in his blood, "my children will never enter your house again, except on terms which just now seem impossible."

"What mean you, Lefranc?" cried the count, much puzzled.

"My son loves your daughter—your nephew loves my girl," replied Maximilian. "If you, on leaving this house, still disapprove the match, our families part for ever."

"For ever, my old friend! Why, you know marriage between our families is impossible."

"Henri de Chanteleuze, one of my family was good enough to marry thy sister."

"My sister!" cried the count, perfectly aghast with astonishment.

"Victor, bring the count and Marie up stairs in five minutes," said Maximilian, turning away and moving up to the garret.

"Is your father mad?" said the count, turning to Victor.

"No monsieur."

"What means he, then?"

"He will explain."

"I am lost in amazement."

"And we also."

"My sister!—good heavens! he reminds me of a painful episode in my family history."

"You recollect, then?"

"That my sister eloped from a convent, but what became of her I never knew."

"Come up, and perhaps you may," said Victor, kindly.

The count leaned on Victor's arm, and hastened to join Maximilian.

In two minutes the garret was gained. No alteration was visible, save that the tri-coloured flag had been removed, and the full costume of a man lay upon the rude bed.

"Merciful God!" cried the Count de Chanteleuze, gazing at the portraits, 'my sister, as I led her one evening to a court ball.'

"You recognise her?"

"I do, and beside her, my school companion, Charles Victor de La Roche Poussin, Marquis de Frontignac, who on the same day accompanied us."

"The same."

"And you knew them?"

"I did."

"And what was, then, my sister's fate?"

"She married Charles Victor de La Roche Poussin, Marquis de Frontignac."

"Had she any children?"

"These two," replied Maximilian, pointing to Marie and Victor.

"You are not, then, their father?"

"I was once Charles Victor de La Roche Poussin, Marquis de Frontignac."

"You!" exclaimed the count, in a maze of bewilderment. "I see it all; my instinctive affection for you, my love for this boy and girl, the very image of her poor mother. My friend, my brother, come to my arms."

"The same noble heart as ever," cried the old Jacobin.

"And now tell me the whole story. I will sit for hours. Tell me all, and then come to my house to dinner. Away with all prejudice, with all scruple. Victor, the child of my youngest sister, shall marry my girl; Theodore, the child of my other sister, shall marry Marie."

Victor and Marie bowed down their eyes, and sat silent with delight. The most unhopèd-for wish of their hearts was about to be realised.

"Let us go down," said Maximilian, taking up a bundle of letters and documents; "with these I can tell my story, and give my proofs as we go along."

"I want no proofs," cried Henri de Chanteleuze, warmly; "but I long to hear your story—why you disappeared, why you changed your name, why you concealed yourself all these years from me?"

"It is a long story," replied Maximilian, as they went down, "so, Marie, let us have some coffee. You, Victor, close the doors; we will stay from the workshop to-day. We can afford to lose one day's work."

"My brother," said the count, hurriedly, his cheek reddening with shame and almost anger, "never again will you enter the workshop. My fortune is yours—doubly yours, and you must talk no more of work."

"We shall see," answered the old Republican. "I had hoped never to have been again anything but a workman, but perhaps the interests of my children may alter my views."

He then began the narration of his life, at every step putting before the count documents, deeds, and papers which proved his words.

It was five o'clock ere he had finished, and then the old man, his son, and daughter, dressing in their best, they went away to the count's to dine. The happiness of Theodore and Helene may readily be conceived.

Before they parted, the 28th July was fixed for the wedding-day.

They counted without the revolution.

(To be continued.)

MUSIC : ITS RISE AND PROGRESS.

CHAPTER II.

IN tracing the progress of song it will be interesting to refer to its position at the period of which we last treated—namely, the commencement of the sixteenth century. The following account of the first public performance at Rome will give a strange impression to those who are accustomed to the splendour and finish of modern opera; it is from the pen of Pietro della Valla, a musical writer of the period:—"My master," he says in his memoirs, "Quagliati, was an excellent *maestro de capella*, who introduced a new species of music into the churches of Rome, not only in compositions for a single voice, but for two, three, four, and very often more voices in chorus singing together. And the music of my *cart*, or moveable stage, composed by the same Quagliati, and performed in masks through the streets of Rome during the Carnival of 1606, was the first dramatic action or representation in music which had ever been heard in that city, though no more than five voices or five instruments were employed, the number which an ambulating cart could contain; yet these afforded great variety, as, beside the dialogue of single voices, sometimes two or three or all the five sang together, which had an excellent effect. The music of this piece, as may be seen in the copies of it, which were afterwards printed, though dramatic, was not all in simple recitative, which would have been tiresome, but ornamented with beautiful passages and movements in measure—without deviating, however, from the true theatrical style, on which account it pleased exceedingly, as was manifest from the prodigious concourse of people it drew after it, who, instead of being tired, heard it five or six times over. There were even some who continued to follow our cart to ten or a dozen different places where it stopped, and never quitted us so long as we remained in the street, which was from four o'clock in the afternoon until after midnight."

Such was the unpretending advent of modern song in the capital of musical Italy. In Venice, which was destined to take a lead in the advancement of music, the first public performance of musical pieces in a regular theatre occurred in 1637, in the theatre of Santo Cassiano. The title of the opera was *Andromeda*. It was composed by Francesco Manello, and written by Benedetto Ferrari, who was at the expense of its production, and actually collected for the occasion a company of the best singers in Italy. The piece was brought out in a splendid manner and was highly successful.

In 1638 the same author and composer produced in like manner, *La Muga Fulminata*. This gave the required impulse, and called into action the powers of Rovetta, Marazzoli, Fonte, Ferrari, Saccati, Cavalli, Manello, Monteverde, and others, who between 1641 and 1649 produced upwards of thirty different operas, which were performed in the several theatres of Venice. Operas were generally represented daily in six different theatres, all open at once. There was no public opera-house at Rome until 1671, nor at Bologna till 1680. In that year was produced the opera of *Berenice*, by Domenico Freschi, at Padua, in a style of splendour far surpassing anything of the kind in our own times. The accounts handed down to us of this spectacle relate that there were choruses of a hundred soldiers and a hundred virgins. There were, in addition, a hundred performers on trumpets, flutes, drums, cornets, and sackbuts, all mounted on horseback. Two lions and two elephants were led by four Turks. The triumphal car of *Berenice* was drawn by four horses, and there were six other cars, drawn

by twelve horses, and laden with spoils and prisoners. The programme of the scenery comprises a vast plain, triumphal arches, pavilions, tents, and a forest for the chase. In the second act there were the royal apartments of Berenice's Temple of Vengeance, a spacious court with a view of the prison, and a covered way, along which passed a train of carriages. In the third act were the royal dressing-room, furnished with regal magnificence; stables containing a hundred live horses: a portico hung with tapestry, and a superb palace seen in the perspective. A real hunt occurred in the piece, of the bear, the boar, and the stag; and, in conclusion, an enormous globe descended from the sky, which divided itself into lesser globes, on which were allegorical figures of Glory, Virtue, Nobility, Honour, and Fame. In short, if we are to credit the account, nothing on a scale of such magnitude and magnificence has been attempted before or since.

The composers most especially esteemed among the numerous composers of operas who flourished at this period were, Marco Antonio Cesti and Francesco Cavalli, *Magister capellæ* at St. Mark. The former was a pupil of Giacomo Carissimi, *Magister capella* in the church of St. Apollinare at Rome. Cesti produced several operas at the court of the emperor Leopold I. Carrissimi, by his advancement of the art of music, gave his name to the epoch in which he lived, and is supposed to be the inventor of the chamber *cantata*, a species of composition in which, as in opera, dramatic melody and dramatic recitative are indigenous, and differ very little in form. He was the first who improved recitative, and brought dramatic melody to anything like perfection. He was the first also to employ instruments in a concerted manner in his *cantatas*, *ritornelles*, and intermediate pieces. Such in 1640 was the form of the operas of Cavalli and Cesti, and thence do we trace the expression of song in tutored accents. Then was it that recitative began to approach the natural accents of declamation, and allowed itself some modulations in the accompanying harmony. The *aria* was still far removed in form from that of later periods, and scarcely differed from recitative, but even at that period it boasted of some expressive and agreeable *cantilenas*, and frequently contained embellishments somewhat after the manner of the modern *aria di bravura*. The accompaniment was nothing more than an unfingered *basso continuo*. The *ritornelle*, or symphony, was performed at the conclusion of the *aria* by violins. Choruses were seldom introduced, and even then only at the end of the acts.

Of the actual state of the opera at this period we are enabled to form a pretty accurate notion from the following extract from the "Diary" of our countryman Evelyn, who visited Venice in the middle of the seventeenth century. He says, "This night, having with my Lord Bruce taken our places before, we went to the Opera, where comedies and other pieces are represented in recitative music by the most excellent musicians, vocal and instrumental, with variety of scenes, painted and contrived with no less art of perspective, and machines for flying in the air, and other wonderful motions; taken together it is one of the most magnificent and expensive diversions the wit of man can invent. The history was Hercules in Lydia. The scenes changed thirteen times. Their most famous voice is Anna Rencia, a Roman, and reputed the best treble of women; but there was an eunuch, who in my opinion surpassed her; also a Genoese that sung an incomparable bass. They held us by the eyes and ears till nearly two o'clock in the morning. The comedians have liberty, and the operas are open. Witty pasquils are thrown about, and the mountebanks have their stages at every corner. The diversion which chiefly took me up was three noble operas, where were excellent voices and music; the most celebrated of which was the famous Anna Rencia, whom we invited to a fish dinner after four days in Lent, when they had given over at the theatre, accompanied with an eunuch whom she brought with her. She entertained us with rare music, both of them singing to an harpsichord. It growing late, a gentleman of Venice came for her to show her the galleys now ready to sail for Candia. This entertainment produced a second, given us by the English Consul of the merchants inviting us to his house, when

he had the Genoese, the most celebrated bass in Italy, who was one of the late opera band. This diversion held us so late at night, that conveying a gentlewoman who had supped with us to a gondola at the usual place of landing, we were shot at by two carbines from out another gondola, in which was a noble Venetian and his courtesan, unwilling to be disturbed; which made us run and fetch other weapons, not knowing what the matter was till we were informed of the danger we might run by pursuing it further."

It will be seen from the above extract that celebrity as a singer placed the professor in the highest walks of life. From the very infancy of the musical drama the Italian singers attained a superiority over those of other countries, which they have never lost. Della Valle, who wrote in 1640, gives us an account of many of the celebrities of the operatic world at that period. Among these he speaks of Francesca Caccini, daughter of Giulio Caccini, who was a composer. This lady not only possessed talents in singing and composition, but for Latin and Italian poetry, and was for many years the admiration of all Florence. Equally famous was Caterina Martinelli, but who did not survive her eighteenth year. The Duke of Mantua erected a splendid monument to her memory in the church of the Carmelites, with the following happy inscription:—"NOMEN MUNDO, DEO VIVAT ANIMA."

But the most celebrated singer in Mantua at the period was Leonora Baroni, of whom Della Valle thus expresses himself:—"Who can hear without rapture Signora Leonora sing to her own accompaniment on the arch-lute, which she touches in so fanciful and masterly a manner? And who will venture to say which is the better performer, she or her sister Caterina? Nor is there any one who like me has seen and heard Signora Adriana, their mother, when, in her youth she sailed in a felucca near the Pausilippian Grotto, with her golden harp in her hand, but must confess that in our times these shores have been inhabited by sirens, who are not only beautiful and tuneful, but good and virtuous!" Our own countryman Bayle, in his "Dictionary," speaks of her as one of the finest singers in the world; and among the Latin poems of Milton there are three, entitled "Ad Leonoram Romæ canentem," which he wrote on the occasion of attending some musical entertainments given by Cardinal Barberini, and at which he heard the lady sing. In addition to the tributes of that immortal poet was a volume of poems published in her praise, and entitled, "Applausi Poetisi alle Glorie della Signora Leonora Baroni." Signor Maugars, an Italian ecclesiastic and musician of extraordinary talents, likewise pronounced a lofty eulogium on Leonora Baroni, in a discourse on the music of the Italians, which Bayle quotes as follows in the article under the word Baroni:—"Leonora Baroni is endowed with fine parts; she understands music perfectly well, and even composes, which makes her mistress of what she sings, and gives her the most exact pronunciation and just expression of the sense of her words. She does not pretend to beauty; neither is she disagreeable, nor a coquette. She sings with a bold and generous modesty, and an agreeable gravity; her voice reaches a large compass of notes, and is true, full, and harmonious; she softens and raises it without straining or making grimaces. Her raptures and sighs are free from wantonness; her looks have nothing impudent, nor does she in her gestures overstep a virgin modesty. In passing from one key to another, she shows sometimes the divisions of the enharmonic and chromatic kind with so much art and sweetness that every body is ravished with that fine and difficult method of singing. She has no need of any person to assist her with a theorbo or viol, one of which is necessary to make her singing complete, for she herself plays perfectly well on both those instruments. In short, I have had the good fortune to hear her several times sing about thirty different airs, with second and third stanzas, composed by herself. I must not forget to tell you that one day she did me the particular favour to sing with her mother and sister. Her mother played upon the lute, her sister upon the harp, and herself upon the theorbo. This concert, composed of three fine voices, and of three different instruments, so powerfully transported my senses, and threw me into such rap-

tures that I forgot that I was mortal, and thought myself already amongst the angels, enjoying the felicities of the blessed."

Two of the instruments above named are now obsolete. The lute resembled and was played in a similar manner to our modern guitar, but was more sonorous and much larger. The theorbo bore the shape of a large lute, having eight bass strings twice as long as those of the lute, which was the favourite chamber instrument throughout Europe during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and in the beginning of dramatic music the recitatives were accompanied by the theorbo, which was also called the arch-lute before the harpsichord was used for that purpose. Indeed, the theorbo produced such soft and sustained tones, owing to the length of its strings, that many preferred it to the harpsichord as an accompaniment.

Among the principal male singers of the period were Pistocchi and Francesco Grossi, called Syface, from the admirable manner in which he acted the part of Syphax. He was killed in a quarrel with his postillion on a journey.

Of the composers who followed those already named, the most celebrated were Rovetta, Ziani the elder, and Ligrenzi, who successively filled the post of *Magister capella* at St. Mark's. Under these recitative was gradually brought to perfection. They gave also a more definite form to the aria, which was now easily distinguished from the recitative as an independent piece, and frequently consisted of two verses to the same melody, with a ritornelle played between. Many of these compositions would even now delight an audience if the singers would restrict themselves to an appropriate simplicity of delivery in the *arioso* pieces.

With the advance of the opera the cantata (chamber cantate) kept equal pace, and after becoming the favourite of private circles, encroached upon the madrigal, and totally banished the less noble kinds known as the villanelle, villote, ballate, &c.

In church music the period was marked by the introduction of bow instruments as accompaniments during the intermediate pieces of composition, in order to strengthen the choir. This was a great innovation, as the use of *cornetti* and trombones had alone been allowed. The public taste inclined to the *stile concertante*, which disputed supremacy with the *stile da capella*. Carissimi's motettes and concerti became highly popular, and are even now much sought after by the collectors of classic music. The introduction, however, of the new and splendid style of music did not lessen the ostensible separation of the church style from secular compositions, or prevent it from maintaining its superior dignity. In the steadily-flourishing school of the Venetians learned counterpoint was especially cultivated even in their churches, and was everywhere practised by the organists with success. The simply-grand church style, known as that of Palestrina, continued to flourish in all the principal churches of Italy, but most especially in the pontifical chapel, which to this day excludes all instruments; even the organ is prohibited. Of the composers distinguished in the church style of composition, Orazio Benexvole, *Magister capella*, at St. Peter's in the Vatican, is most justly celebrated. He wrote about the year 1660, and his learned fugue pieces for three or more choirs are the admiration of connoisseurs of our own time. He would have been the undisputed man of this epoch, but for the claims of Carissimi; who, in addition to being the inventor and rectifier of the new species, was the teacher of a Cesti, a Bassani, and an Alessandro Scarlatti. The reputation he enjoyed during his lifetime was as great as that which is usually not earned till inscribed on the tombstone.

It may in this place be as well to take a survey of the condition of music in other European countries at this epoch. Of France there is little to be recorded. It produced numberless compositions, but had long retrograded from the old school of higher counterpoint, without any attempt to improve by the recent invention of their Italian neighbours. Much admiration was, however, excited in France by the operas of the justly-famous Giovanni Baptiste Lully, the

intendant of music to Louis XIV., and who was termed "the Divine Baptiste," by his countrymen. Much of the favour which he thus enjoyed for a period of thirty years, up to the time of Rameau, was owing to the union of choruses and dances with the action, which he introduced, and which was an advantage not possessed by the Italians; but the dialogue more resembled psalmody than recitation, interrupted here and there by short undeveloped *arioso* ideas, or by brief *ritornelles*. How a lively nation like the French could take such pleasure in Lully's drawing and psalm-like music it is difficult to conceive. At the commencement of this epoch little was known in Italy of instrumental music: but in the court of Louis XIII. was kept in pay a band of twenty-four violins and violas, of different dimensions, for the purpose of executing the chamber music of Henry le Jeune and Boesset, of which an example is given by Mersenne, in his "Harmonie Universelle." The composition adduced shows the infant state of the art at the time. Lully's works of the kind were, doubtless, much superior, if we may judge by the superiority of his overtures over his songs. Of the contrapuntic art, however, he was lamentably deficient.

In England there flourished during this epoch a musician whose celebrity is considered undying. This was Henry Purcell, a composer of the first order, for the church as well as the stage. He was born in the year 1658, and was the son of a professor of the same name, and who was one of the gentlemen of the Chapel Royal at the restoration of Charles II. Henry lost his father when but six years of age, and received his first musical instructions from Captain Cook, who was instructor to the children of the Chapel Royal. He subsequently received lessons from Dr. Blow; on whose tombstone is inscribed, beneath his name, "Master to the famous Mr. Henry Purcell."

Purcell, when but a singing-boy in the King's Chapel, composed several anthems, which are sung to this day. A more remarkable instance of precocity, except in the case of Mozart, is not on record; for the anthem demands a knowledge of counterpoint, which, in general, is only attainable by a length and severity of study apparently beyond the reach of a juvenile composer. The production, consequently, of pieces of this kind, which, for nearly two centuries, have maintained a place amid the standard works of our ecclesiastical musicians, is an instance of inborn creative power almost unparalleled. At the age of eighteen, Purcell was appointed organist at Westminster Abbey; and when he was twenty-four he was made one of the three organists at the Chapel Royal, and at that early age had already composed some of our noblest specimens of cathedral music. Notwithstanding, however, the ecclesiastical nature of his engagements, he turned his attention equally early to dramatic music, his first essay in which was at the age of nineteen, when he was prevailed upon by Josiah Priest, a celebrated composer of court ballets, and a teacher of dancing, to compose a little opera, called *Dido and Æneas*, from the pen of Tate. The piece was performed by some of Priest's pupils with great applause to an audience of their relatives and friends. The music, which is extant, is full of beauties, though, of course, deficient in the mellowness and finish which characterise the productions of riper years. This beautiful opera, which was produced in 1677, led at once to Purcell's engagement by theatrical managers to write for the stage. As an institution, the musical drama had not yet an existence in England; still it was customary to introduce music into both tragedy and comedy; as well as overtures and pieces to be performed between the acts, and incidental songs by singers introduced, as it were, for the entertainment of the personages of the drama. These overtures, songs, and act-tunes were now frequently the composition of Purcell, and in this manner he embellished the play of *Abelazor*, which appeared in 1677; Shadwell's alteration of Shakspeare's *Timon of Athens*, in 1678; Lee's *Theodocius; or, the Force of Love*, in 1680, and other pieces. A collection of these instrumental pieces was published by Purcell's widow in 1697. They are in four parts, for two violins—tenor and bass; and are so pleasing that they were used until the progress of

orchestral music occasioned them to be laid aside in the middle of the last century.

Purcell in 1683 published twelve *sonatas* for two violins and a bass, the success of which occasioned them to be followed by ten more *sonatas*, one of which for its exquisite beauty is called the *Golden Sonata*. They belong to the same school as Corelli, but could not have been copies, as the trios of the great Italian master were composed in the same year. Doubtless, however, Purcell had the works of Torelli and Bassani, Corelli's master, in his mind at the time, for he himself acknowledges his obligations to the Italian masters, although he infinitely surpassed them. The following is the passage of his preface in which he makes the admission:—"The author has faithfully endeavoured a just imitation of the Italian masters, principally to bring the gravity and seriousness of that sort of music into vogue and reputation amongst our countrymen, whose humour it is time now should begin to loathe the levity and balladry of our neighbours. The attempt he confesses to be bold and daring, there being pens and artists of more eminent abilities, much better qualified for the employment than his or himself, which he well hopes these his weak endeavours will in due time provoke and inflame to a more accurate undertaking. He is not ashamed to own his unskilfulness in the Italian languages, but that is the unhappiness of his education, which cannot be justly accounted his fault; however, he thinks he may warrantably affirm that he is not mistaken in the power of the Italian notes or elegance of their compositions."

Purcell was the musical instructor of Lady Elizabeth Howard, wife to the poet Dryden, and out of that circumstance arose a personal intercourse between the author and the composer, and the employment of the latter by the former, in the year 1690, to compose Davenant's and Dryden's alteration of *The Tempest*. The wild and unearthly character of the strains which he thus wedded to the imaginings of Shakspeare are too well known and appreciated to need comment here. They make the listener partake of the feeling with which Ferdinand is bewildered when amazed at the invisible chorus, which reminds him of his drowned father; he exclaims—

"This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes!"

The principal and most powerful of the compositions in this piece are, "Arise, ye subterranean winds," "Come unto these yellow sands," "Æolus, you must appear," "Come down, my blusterers." The *soprano* air, "Halcyon days," with its delicious melody and charming passages for the oboes, proves that Purcell was in advance of his age in every branch of his art. The chorus, "The Nereids and Tritons shall sing and shall play," is exquisite, and the famous duet and chorus, "No stars again shall hurt you," forms a brilliant conclusion to the whole in a piece of rich and resonant harmony. Caliban's song—

"The owl is abroad,
The bat and the toad,"

would have done honour to the imagination of a Mendelssohn.

The revival in 1690 of *The Tempest* was followed in 1691 by Dryden's *King Arthur*, to which Purcell appended some of his most magnificent strains. This piece has been adapted to the modern stage under the title of *Arthur and Emmeline*. It is an elegant and pleasing drama, and with Purcell's music would always prove attractive. Some of the melodies are equal to those of *The Walpurgis Night*.

His next composition was *The Indian Queen*, written by Dryden and his brother-in-law, Howard. It had great success, and added to the laurels of its composer.

The *Tyrannic Love* of Dryden next employed the genius of Purcell, and after that Beaumont and Fletcher's *Prophetess*; or, the *History of Dioclesian*, with alterations and additions, "after the manner of an opera," by Betterton. This was followed by *Bonduca*, another piece by the same authors. Purcell likewise

composed vocal pieces for *The Fairy Queen*; *The Midsummer Night's Dream*; *Timon of Athens*; *The Libertine*, and *Epsom Wells*, by Shadwell, Dryden's *Aurungzebe*, and a masque in the tragedy of *Œdipus*. His last composition was "From rosy Bowers," a most exquisite effusion of feeling. He died through catching cold on returning late one evening from a convivial party. Dryden's inscribed the following epitaph upon his tomb in Westminster Abbey—

"Here lies
HENRY PURCELL, ESQUIRE,
Who left this life,
And is gone to that blessed place
Where only his own harmony can be exceeded.
Obiit, 21mo. die Novembris,
Anno ætatis suæ 37mo.
Annoque Domini, 1695."

As a composer Purcell was the perfecter of the English school, and in many respects its founder; his genius ranged through every walk of his art; and in variety of character, beauty of melody, truth and force of expression, and a nice adaptation to the genius of the English language, he is unparalleled to this hour. He was fully aware of the great principle that the vocal music of every country must be founded upon the peculiar accent or modulation of its spoken language; hence every student of English composition ought to take him as a model, and learn from him to copy nature.

While Italy had her Carissimi and, subsequently, her Scarlatti, France her Lulli, and England her Purcell, Germany was slowly progressing in music. Even amidst the storms of war that left desolation and a wilderness in its track, the ancient art was not suffered to decay. Throughout the seemingly-endless duration of intestine commotion counterpoint and organ playing were cherished with the utmost assiduity, and the country had even been penetrated by the church style, which was cultivated with tolerable success. The aspect of the times was of course unfavourable to the progressive advancement of the dramatic style in Germany; but notwithstanding this fact Schutz, who received the appellation of *Saggitarius*, and was *magister capella* to the electoral prince of Saxony, composed at Dresden a German opera, about the year 1628. The *libretto* was the *Daphne* of Rinuccini the Florentine, translated by Opitz. The work has not reached posterity.

Little or nothing had been done anywhere for instrumental music; yet musicians at this epoch began to direct their attention to the improvement of accompanying instruments and the regulation of the tuning and construction of bow instruments. The perfection in these respects that was attained at Cremona, Brescia, and Inspruck has never been surpassed, and to this day the violins made at those places are most eagerly sought after and appreciated. Towards the close of the epoch on which we are treating music began to make considerable progress, particularly in opera and chamber cantatas, concerted motettes or sacred cantatas, and other species of composition then new. This was mainly due, as we have elsewhere said, to Carissimi, who formed the approach to the golden age of the art of sound in which the new Roman school was commenced. Ferrari, at Venice, one of the oldest opera composers, commenced about the same time with Carissimi, in 1640, and laboured likewise in the department of the cantata. Venice adopted the forms of Carissimi's splendid compositions, which were only distinguished by the glow of genius from the works of his Venetian rival.

In the old age of Carissimi, when at Rome, he was sought out by a young Neapolitan, who burned with intense ardour to perfect himself as a composer, under the tuition of so distinguished a master. The name of this youth was Alessandro Scarlatti, and by his inimitable performance on the harp he so entirely succeeded in ingratiating himself with Carissimi that his desire was at once complied with, and the eminent composer not only initiated him into the

mysteries of his art, but treated him with paternal affection. Scarlatti, as will be seen, was destined to prepare the art of music for its future exalted condition; hence his name belongs to a new epoch, upon which we shall enter in our next. He is the link which united modern music to that of ancient times, and harbingered the period when what is termed "the beautiful period of Italian music" became contradistinguished from "the grand period," extending from Palestrina to the advent of the Neapolitan school.

(To be continued.)

FIVE MINUTES WITH "HOT CODLINGS."

(A FRAGMENTARY CRITICISM.)

By E. L. BLANCHARD.

As the novelists say—or would have said, had any necessity arisen for describing such a scene—it was a cold and cheerless evening in January, the sleet was falling fast, drifting diagonally into blinking eyes and making pavements greasy and pedestrians uncomfortable; dimly seen through windows veiled with moisture, a continuous current of dripping umbrellas appeared flowing past, and through the gloomy vista of thoroughfares beyond, wretched passengers, soaked and solitary, came struggling up at remote intervals into the misty light of the street lamps, and then glided on like ghosts into the grey obscure. In a word, it was just that miserable kind of night that to stop at home by one's self was sufficient to induce a severe attack of the social disorder known as "the horrors," and to venture out was a wilful provocative of a cold and its familiar concomitants. The love of change, however preponderated, and we sallied forth. The portals of a minor theatre stood invitingly at hand, and we sought to beguile the lingering hours by criticising the entertainment to be found within. The reign of pantomime was not over. We had been already satiated with the conventionalities of the Clown, the stereotyped slipperiness of the Pantaloon, the unchanging elements of traditional comicalities that composed the staple of the harlequinade, and there was little else in what we saw to excite the faintest curiosity or interest. But when surging from the mighty sea of human faces that rose around us there came a boisterous demand for the Clown's customary ditty, we found our attention becoming irresistibly turned towards the same channel, and we began to seriously criticise that lyrical production, the vocal repetition of which would alone appease the densely-packed crowds of holiday visitors. For the first time we were induced to examine, aesthetically and analytically, the venerable and popular English epic of "*Hot Codlings*," which every succeeding Christmas seems to be heard with unabated interest, and is claimed by the anxious populace as a triumphant *pean* proper to celebrate the festivities of that season wherein it is evoked. The result of our investigations is before the reader. There has always appeared to us something peculiarly interesting in the mystery that has hung over the authorship of this production. "Who wrote '*Hot Codlings*'?" may be considered hereafter a question of equal importance to the other oft-repeated-and-unsatisfactorily-answered interrogatory of "Who was the author of *Junius*?" Is it possible that Sir Philip Francis could have written the two, and then shrouded in obscurity the authorship of both? The problem is at least an exercise for ingenious minds, though like the end of the Addisonian soliloquy,

"Shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it."

But whatever doubt may arise as to the identity of the author, there can be none as to the peculiar excellence of his lyric epic, for epical it assuredly is in all its attributes, with the essential distinction, besides, of having the necessary poetical divisions—a beginning, a middle, and an end. The idea appears to have been suggested by the mythological tradition of the golden apples in the gardens of the Hesperides, which were guarded by a dragon, until Hercules massacred the monster and pocketed the pippins—a story, it will be observed, fully borne out through the vocal allegory. For the better illustration of our subject, and in support of the claims to be advanced, we will content ourselves with analysing one verse, and showing line by line how the poet has so ably treated his subject, as to preserve the continuity of interest to the last.

Mark how the introduction brings us at once into the very heart of the interesting plot to be developed :—

"A little old woman her living she got,
By selling of codlings—hot—hot—hot."

"A little old woman!" What an exquisite picture does it suggest of aged poverty endeavouring to gain by honest industry a livelihood through the sale of fruit, rendered more tempting by the culinary preparation it had undergone. Gratifying is it for us to know that her exertions were rewarded—that "her living she got." Her desires were doubtless few, but these were attained, and the trifling necessities that her age required were within her reach. A poet who adhered less strictly to nature would have doubtless sacrificed truth for elegance of diction, and described the heroine as

An elderly dame, who emolument sought,
By the sale of fruit to a baked state brought—

or, perhaps, as Alfred Tennyson would have more harmoniously phrased it—

Near unto the ancient portal,
Telling yet of Templars' fame,
Daily sat an aged mortal,
Daily sat an aged dame;
Apples round her, dun and russet,
Which the vulgar "codlings" name;
Calm amid the rush of many,
Still she watched the charcoal flame,
Never weary of the dreary,
Ever vending of the same.

But how tame and ineffective would this have been compared with the simple energy of the original. We can fancy how Wilkie would have painted the "little old woman"—how picturesque would have been her red shawl, contrasting with the grey antiquity of her bonnet, and how cheerfully the glowing embers would have shone forth in Rembrandt-like combination of light and shade beneath the piled-up pyramids of Pomona. In the second line, a strict grammarian might possibly object to the supplemental preposition, but it happily measures out the rhythm and indicates the conditions of the sale.

"—selling of codlings hot, hot, hot."

A magnificent climax! Not a mere verbal affirmation—a single adjective to describe the amount of caloric imparted to the apples, but a double repetition of the word to illustrate the intensity of the heat as by the three degrees of comparison—warm, warmer, warmest. "Hot, *Hot*, *Hor!!!*" The last absolutely burns itself into the memory. But to proceed :—

"Now, this little old woman, as I've been told"—

Mark! "*As I've been told.*" The writer does not affirm this as a fact that had fallen within his own personal observation, but simply as a circumstance related to him another—

"Though her codlings were hot, she was monstrously cold."

No doubt! It was in the depth of winter when such wholesome and genial edibles as those which formed the staple of her merchandise would be most in request. "She was monstrously cold"—a very happy phrase, depictive of her shivering situation, rendered doubtless more aggravating and distressing by the contrast of her own chilly condition with the warmth of her codlings,—and what does the elderly lady do? Liebig, knowing the physiological consequences of such a deprivation of vital heat, would have done the same. The warmth of the system must be restored, and to effect this a stimulant seems to have been the resource, for the poet tells us—

"So to keep herself warm she thought it no sin"—

Primitive innocence and beautiful simplicity united. Had she thought it would have been a transgression of moral rectitude she would have remained an iceberg all her days, rather than have passed the bounds of propriety—

"To go and get herself a little drop of—"

What? The modesty of the bard shrinks from an exposition of his heroine's frailty, and leaves the hiatus to be supplied by the imagination of the hearer, contenting himself with the slight clue afforded by the rhyme. What a bold and original conception! Is there anything else like it in the language? Dante never ventured closer to the borders of the sublime. That mystic — attains a kind of Delphic grandeur. It is like the shadow of Mephistopheles falling upon the Hartz Mountains on the night of the Walpurgis. And yet a niche in Westminster Abbey still remains unclaimed for the poet who has thus elevated his art! Let us, however, comfort ourselves by the conviction that though the critics have been blind to its beauties it is, nevertheless, the national anthem of the millions, and that, after all, there may be more in the custom than people generally feel disposed to believe. If we have assisted the reader to arrive at so desirable a conclusion we shall not consider our "five minutes" have been spent in vain, and we shall look henceforth upon the public as the debtor of a testimonial to Tom Matthews for his very able "musical interpretation" of this time-honoured Christmas carol.

PENCILINGS OF POESY.

By FANNY E. LACY.

Oh! why would you wander, my pretty bird?
 Why would you wander from me?
 Who, charm'd into gladness, so often have heard
 Your carol of innocent glee?
 If for the world of life's gayer bowers,
 You flutter that restless wing,
 Too soon o'er the hues of its withering flowers,
 I fear, little bird, you would sing:
 Then tarry with me, pretty elf; to prove
 This truth I now sing unto thee:
 Bondage is better with faithful love,
 Than wand'ring the cold world free.

LUCUBRATIONS OF THE LUXOR OBELISK,
ON
THE PROMULGATION OF THE FRENCH CONSTITUTION.
NOVEMBER 12TH, 1848;
AND ON THINGS IN GENERAL.

It must not be supposed that I remain an indifferent spectator of what is passing around me. If I say little I think much. My position is a very advantageous one for observation. I am situated in the Place de la Concorde, now sometimes called Place de la Revolution. On one hand, at the further extremity of a magnificent bridge thrown over the Seine, rises the Palace of the National Assembly; on the other, at the end of a fine broad street, is the vast temple, known as the Madeleine. In these two buildings I behold the symbols of two powers, the temporal and the spiritual, often rivals in France, but often likewise close allies, as at present, when that which is decreed beneath one roof is consecrated beneath another. Before me, down the centre of the splendid garden of the Tuileries, I can see the mansion in which the now exiled dynasties of France used to dwell; and behind, at the top of the finest avenue in the world, the Triumphal Arch which celebrates the victories of Napoleon looks down, cold and impassive, like history, on the scene where so many events pregnant with a nation's destiny are daily being enacted.

It is generally confessed that I am myself one of the principal ornaments of the Place de la Concorde. This is a very correct opinion; for although the large splashing fountains, the gilded columns, the sunken gardens with stone balustrades, are all remarkably pretty in their way, I consider myself rather more worth looking at than any of them. The reason is, that I mean something, much more than the thousands who pass by me hourly imagine. My inscriptions are still unread—in spite of what some vain coxcombs may say—and will probably remain so. As to the thoughts that have occurred to me during my life—in the various scenes I have beheld—I shall not trouble the public much with them. I am of a taciturn disposition, and the most instinctive result of all my reflections—namely, that society is in continual progress and has made, nevertheless, wonderful strides since I first was chiselled—I take care to insinuate into the minds of all who stop in seriousness to contemplate my rather faded and battered exterior—as with untiring constancy I point up towards the Source of all the happiness man can enjoy, and the ultimate end of all his aspirations.

I have naturally paid great attention to what has been done and said since February, 1848. The succession of events was, at first, perfectly bewildering. Everything I saw possessed the character of novelty. I could not imagine that such a state of excitement could last four whole months. It did, however, but was succeeded by so dead a calm that I really sometimes felt quite frightened. It was like the lull that precedes an aggravation of a storm. Time, however, wore on, and things seemed gradually to assume a normal aspect. Another February has come round, and I propose to recal one or two of my numerous reminiscences, and shall first touch on one of the most signal events which marked the history of the year. I noticed nothing remarkable until one morning the presence of numbers of workmen on the Place de la Concorde, fixing enormous poles, and erecting vast galleries on the terraces of the Tuileries gardens and an immense altar, flanked by tribunes, in front of the gates, reminded me that France was undergoing the process of a change in her institutions.

It is true that, like the rest of the Parisians, I had been startled on the previous Saturday by the salute fired from the *Invalides*, and I soon heard that instead of

a *émeute*, as was first thought, it was the announcement of the passing of the Constitution. Every one knows what this Constitution is, and has formed an opinion which will no doubt be thought better than that of an Obelisk. I shall, therefore, abstain from criticism, merely observing that in my young days the people, instead of having anything to do with the making of the laws, knew of no other law than the word of their priests or their monarchs. At the same time it struck me as curious that whereas the great hardship in old times was that men were not allowed to dispose of their labour, were compelled to work in gangs at the construction of pyramids, temples, and obelisks—the cry of a class now should be that the chief iniquity of society is that it leaves labour free, and does not attempt I know not what organisation that would be equivalent to serfdom.

To proceed.—A week actively employed sufficed for the preparations. It had been wisely determined that the greater part of the expense should be a thing that required the work of many hands, and accordingly twelve thousand men were employed, three thousand of whom were carpenters. By this means a good deal of money was put in circulation among a class that is greatly in want of it; and the ceremony in other ways promoted the same object. An immense number of National Guards and strangers of every description came up by the railroads, to the great gratification of the hotel-keepers, restaurants, cab-drivers, &c., and a considerably increased sale of warm winter clothing took place on Saturday especially. Paris was in want of some such assistance as this, and the ceremony would have been even more beneficial to trade than it turned out to be had it not been for the state of the weather.

The cold had been gradually increasing in intensity since the beginning of the month. During several nights there was a sharp frost; but had this continued it would have been considered rather favourable than otherwise. On Sunday morning, however, I was surprised to find myself capped and spotted with snow. All the buildings and trees were so likewise, and the air was filled with small flakes. "Ha, ha!" said I to myself, as I heard the *rappel* resounding from all quarters, "this is not a morning to expect the National Guards to leave their comfortable beds; don the bright apparel of war, and come out with the prospect of passing the greater portion of the day under arms merely for the purpose of forming part of a show." I was somewhat mistaken. Many worthy citizens did certainly appear with hesitating faces at their windows, and seem to doubt whether they should brave the inclement air, but gradually their courage rose, and about seven o'clock I could see them beginning to emerge from the doors and run to the accustomed place of meeting, from whence, when a certain number was collected, they marched with drums and banners to the head quarters of their respective legions.

According to previous arrangement each legion was to occupy a particular street, quay, boulevard, or section of the Champs Elysées. By nine o'clock the number of men under arms was immense. In every direction could be seen nothing but glittering bayonets and brilliant plumes. A vast crowd of people, especially women and children and strangers, choked every approach. The housetops were covered—the windows crowded. I confess to having been surprised, for the cold was bitter in the extreme, and the fall of snow, which melted as it touched the ground, continuous.

Opposite the gate of the Tuileries, kept closed for the occasion, was an immense purple seat, lined with cloth of gold, and with the inscription in large characters: "Love one another!" Beneath this seat was the altar, to which led a broad flight of steps, on either side were immense covered galleries decked over with tri-coloured flags. The other ornaments of the place consisted of four lofty masts, from which floated gigantic streamers of the most brilliant colours, with the words, "February, 1848," in letters of gold. A hundred other masts, of smaller dimensions, ranged in order round the immense place, encircled by choicest festoons, bore the scutcheons of the various departments each surmounted by a broad banner. The word "Constitution" was inscribed on four large scrolls, stretching across four of the principal avenues.

Besides these there were innumerable smaller flags and less remarkable ornaments skilfully combined with the permanent decorations of the place; and in two long rows of huge candelabra incense was burnt during the continuance of the ceremony. At my feet was a colossal statue of the Republic and four graceful altars. Altogether had the sun been as bright as I used to see him at Thebes, or even as he is during the greater part of the summer here, it would have been a most brilliant spectacle. As it was I remained in a continual state of wonder at the patience of the people, who for hour after hour sat or stood in the long open galleries and streets and open spaces, where they could neither hear what was going on, nor see anything new after the first five minutes.

At a quarter-past nine the rolling of drums drew my attention towards the National Assembly, and I soon saw the representatives, headed by M. Marrast, the President, advancing in a body. Among them I distinguished General Cavaignac, in his full military dress. The multitude, armed and unarmed, that made way for this august body, cheered them heartily, so that at first they prevented my attention from being diverted by a more solemn sound proceeding from the direction of the Madeleine. Above five hundred of the Metropolitan Clergy—preceding the new Archbishop of Paris and four other prelates, with their croziers and mitres of gold—were advancing in a double row, clothed in their simple ecclesiastical costume, towards the altar. The respect with which they were treated proved that religion exerts still a powerful influence over the French people, in spite of the efforts of those who consider it philosophical to believe nothing, or rather, as was said of Vossius, “anything but the Bible.”

As soon as the assembly and the clergy had taken their places, M. Armand Marrast, having the Chief of the Executive on his right, and surrounded by the members of the Cabinet, began to read the text of the Constitution. Of course it was impossible for a hundredth part of the people assembled to hear a word he uttered, but most of them had followed with more or less attention the discussions of the Chamber, and were perfectly familiar with the spirit of the important document. Those near at hand listened with devout attention, but in the various quarters of this vast place there were from time to time different movements performed that had no immediate connection with the part of the ceremony that was going on. Sometimes a deputation of National Guards from more distant department would arrive, the drums beating and colours flying, and take up a position under the shelter of the trees in the Champs Elysées; sometimes the far-off sound of trumpets would announce the approach of a troop of horse. The crowd was enormous; with the exception of a space kept clear between in and near the altar by means of double rows of troops of the line, the whole place was either a forest of bayonets or a sea of umbrellas; for all this time the heavens remained overcast, and the snow continued to fall. Many of the spectators in the covered galleries, too far removed from the centre to see or hear any portion of the ceremony, amused themselves either by the games of some soldiers who were running up and down to keep themselves warm, or by looking at the *gamins*, who in order to get nearer the altar dropped down into one of the sunken gardens, a height of some sixteen feet, and then, by means of ladders, left there by the workmen, got up into the space intended to have been left clear, and along which ran a road bordered with vast tri-coloured ribbons, leading on the one hand to the Madeleine and on the other to the National Assembly.

When the reading was finished a tremendous cry of “*Vive la République!*” arose from those in the neighbourhood of the purple tent. By degrees it spread and went rolling away in widening eddies, down the streets to the Boulevards, up the Champs Elysées, and across the bridges to the Quai D’Orsay, where a squadron of horse was drawn up in order of battle. A good many reflections occurred to me at this moment, but I leave my readers to make them for themselves. I was not allowed, however, much time, for ere the last buzzing of this formidable shout had died away, M. Libour, the new Archbishop of Paris, still in mourning for his predecessor, and wearing the silver mitre, assisted by the Bishops of Orleans, Mimper, Langres, and Madagascar (*in partibus*), began the

Divine service, and several times blessed the law which had just been read, and the people, who had ratified it by their vociferous acclamations. The religious ceremony concluded with the "*Domine salvam fac Rempublicam!*"

When the clergy were on their march returning to the Madeleine I observed an immense rush of soldiers, National Guards, and people, towards the foot of the altar, the space between which and me was soon filled up. I did not at first understand what it was all about; but soon discovered General Cavaignac standing on the steps leading up to the tent. He was surrounded by numerous members of the Assembly, and so vehement was the demonstration of affection to him that he found it impossible to pass the crowd and take up a position which he had chosen in order to behold the legions and regiments defile. This scene lasted some time; and immediately afterwards the troops began their march—some to the sound of the "*Marseillaise*"—some to that of "*Mourir pour la Patrie*." As each division passed they saluted the National Assembly and shouted, "*Vive la Republique!*" The only other cries which I heard were in favour of a general amnesty. About a hundred and fifty political prisoners were set free on this occasion.

I have not a good eye for numbers, and therefore shall be content with saying that it has been calculated that at least two hundred thousand persons were present at this solemnity, or rather took part in it. Considering the state of the weather this was an immense attendance. I must not forget to add that three salutes of a hundred and one guns were fired at the Invalides in the course of the day;—answered by the circle of forts that surrounds Paris. In the evening the public monuments were illuminated, and everybody went to bed in perfect good humour, nothing having occurred to disturb the harmony of the day. The following evening the theatres were thrown open to the public gratis, as in the old classical republics. Large sums of money, likewise, were distributed by the State to the poor, that they, too, might take a part in the general rejoicing.

I shall now, I hope, be allowed to pursue my favourite study—namely, the observation of the manners and character of the curious nation into whose country I have so recently been transported. In Egypt, during the latter part of my residence, I had seen a people weighed down into the very depths of misery by the grinding tyranny of a pasha; but I confess that never having known any state of society much superior I had confined my benevolent wishes to the destruction of bad moudirs and the elevation of good. I had joined the *fellahas* in their curses of Mohammed Ali, and had sometimes passionately desired to desecrate the vanguard of a conquering army making its appearance over the Desert from the direction of Kosseir. But my removal to this extraordinary capital has given me a totally new class of ideas. I have become quite a politician; have meditated on most of the great social problems, and am provided with a solution of every one. If I do not put forward a system it is because a thousand-and-one systems have got the start of me. When all these have been tried and found wanting, I shall come to the assistance of the human species.

Meanwhile I pursue my lighter studies, and register minor observations. What a budget of scandal I could publish if I were that way inclined! But it would be too terrible a confession of the general spread of corruption if even an Obelisk could not resist the temptation to speak evil of people behind their backs. I shall not be betrayed into anything so improper—at least for the present. The fact is, I have got some remarks to make, which I think invaluable, and will probably be more suitable to those who read me than a thousand stories proving what very immoral people allow me to overhear their plans and confessions.

There takes place more of what is called the romance of real life in Paris than in, perhaps, any other city in the world. It is a pity, therefore, that the numerous novelists who undertake to give a description of the manners of the day, instead of reflecting according to the rules of art what is constantly occurring around them, choose rather to shut themselves up in their cabinets, and, giving the reins to their imaginations, to build up a world inhabited by

fantastic beings, such as never did and never will exist. I endeavour in vain to discover in the works of the Sues, the Soulies, the Dumas, the Hugos, the Balzacs, and the Sands—which of course I have read—anything which can with truth be called a picture of society as it is. To be sure, an Obelisk has a peculiar way of viewing matters; but I speak according to my ideas. The characters, then, that these writers introduce, seem to me almost all to be incarnations of particular passions, and consequently unnatural—for every man has every passion in a greater or less degree—or else they are mere puppets, made to act, not according to any rational system, but so as to bring them into a variety of startling positions in utter contempt of all probability. As to the events which are related they are generally so grotesque—so totally unlike what passes before my eyes—in what I hear of—or what I can conceive as going on in the streets and quarters my height permits me to behold—that is to say, all Paris—even allowing some scope to fancy—taking for granted a good deal of exaggerated sentiment—that my first wonder is how any men can possibly dream such dreams, and then how they can think them worth recording; and lastly, how the public, not once, as a mere matter of curiosity, but year after year, as a habit, almost as a necessity, should greedily devour these productions, and, like the Giaour in “Vathek,” perpetually cry, “More, more!”

I recommend French novelists to describe real Parisian life because they are fitted to the task. They have the materials at hand, and possess, moreover, the skill necessary to group them. But I would recommend them at present not to seek their types beyond the walls of the capital. It is astonishing how ignorant they are of their own provinces. Foreign courtiers are to them complete *terra incognita*—here if they travel they seem to look at everything through a Parisian languor. They have no aptitude for comprehending new things, and at the same time no consciousness of their deficiency. Almost any Frenchman will appreciate a nation in three weeks. Many of them seem to think they are endowed with an intuitive perception of all truth. I met not long ago—

The secret which I intended to have kept is out. I can no longer conceal the fact that I move about occasionally in society with white gloves on my hands, and in the streets with a good paletot on my back. If any lady, therefore, ever feels too rough a gripe in quadrille, waltz, or polka, or if any gentleman gets shoved off the pavement by an unusually hard shoulder, they are advised to say nothing about it, for they have come in contact with the Obelisk of Luxor. I am not rude by nature, but am made of tough material—good sound granite. In other respects there is nothing remarkable about me, except that my body is covered with hieroglyphics—for which reason I never bathe in public. This explanation will prevent any surprise if I allude to the details of my personal experience.

I met, was I saying, not long ago, in a *salon* filled with distinguished people, a dramatic writer, who announced with great emphasis, that he was engaged in composing a five-act comedy, with the object of ridiculing a particular class of Englishmen—namely, sporting characters. I immediately inquired whether he had visited the island of foreign shopkeepers. He replied that he had not. “At least,” said I, in a tone as ungratifying as possible, “you are familiar with the English language?” He knew only a few words; but did not consider this an objection. It was easy to collect the characteristics of the class to which he alluded. He had seen a specimen or so at the Chantilly races; and he thought he was perfectly qualified to pronounce an opinion.

“By him who sleeps at Philæ!” exclaimed I, “your comedy will have *un succes fou*.” (Literally, a mad success.)

“You have travelled in Egypt?” inquired the dramatist, bowing.

“Yes,” I replied, endeavouring to suppress a laugh, and twisting my features into more mysterious hieroglyphics than ever filled a *cartouche*.

My friend asked me three or four questions, which showed that he knew as much about Egypt as about England, and we parted.

And now, having I trust made an agreeable impression, I lay down my pen, and return for the present to my pedestal.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL MIRROR.

DRURY LANE.

The spirit of good feeling displayed by the National Guard on its visit to this country has been caught up by the proprietors of the *Cirque National*, who, not satisfied with presenting attractions to the eye and fancy of John Bull, have offered a magnet to his heart, in the shape of an invitation to the 800 boys belonging to the Naval School at Greenwich. A more gratifying sight we have seldom witnessed. The lads, the destined successors to hardy fathers who stood in the gap when England was to be lost or won, were in a perfect delirium of delight, from beginning to end. They had been brought gratuitously by the Greenwich train, and the ride seemed to have raised their spirits to such an altitude that they could scarcely forbear from leaping into the circle on the appearance of the supple-jointed equestrians, and of their intellectual and accomplished steeds. Every resource of the establishment was brought into requisition on the occasion, and the superiority of both the performers and performances over similar exhibitions was very evident. Hitherto the old establishment "across the water" has been found quite sufficient for the requisitions of holiday-loving boys and girls, and all the other admirers of equestrian performers; but the case is now changed, and we must perforce confess that we are now surpassed by these foreign gentlemen on the saw-dust. The reasons which some few moons since actuated us in withholding our encouragement from the company that attempted the representation of *Monte Christo*, at Drury Lane, impel us now to express our sentiments on the present occasion in favour of the *Cirque National*. The production of Alexandre Dumas was but of a character such as may nightly be witnessed at the Victoria and the Bower Saloon; we therefore viewed the innovation as uncalled-for and unjust, and we denounced it accordingly. We by no means wish it to be considered that any compunctions connected with the locality of the equine exhibition under notice formed the source of our former objections, or that they are likely to influence us now. The place is an area for public entertainment, and to talk of its desecration by the introduction of quadruped performers is mere nonsense. John Kemble, the conservator of legitimacy, wrote and produced *Lodoiska*, and *Blue Beard*, and *Timour the Tartar*, and *The Secret Mine*, at Covent Garden, for the express purpose of introducing horses and elephants; and, since that period, the theatre has been converted into a bazaar, a dining-room, a political arena, and a promenade—yet is it as fit for the reception of Shakspeare as ever, and only requires the necessary encouragement to become legitimate for the remainder of its days. Give us something new or superior to what we already possess, and we have no disinclination to witness it within the walls where David Garrick has played to bare benches, and Edmund Kean thundered to the echoes of an empty house. Nor can there be any possible objection to the nature of equestrian performances. The Olympic games of the Greeks, and the Colosseum at Rome, rendered them as classic as the drama, and there is, moreover, something intrinsically interesting in the development of the higher instincts of the highest members of the brute creation. Under the management of poor Andrew Ducrow we boasted of a national institution for the purpose, where the best French as well as English talent might constantly be witnessed, and where he had embarked a large amount of capital in the enterprise. Nothing more was then required. The demand was limited to the supply, and another equestrian establishment even under English management would have been *de trop*. Now matters have taken another turn, and we are grateful to our Continental neighbours for reviving those associations which, in a nation so attached to horses as is the English, must always exist from early youth to manhood. The business has been excellent.

HAYMARKET.

The audiences at this house have had three great treats during the month in the production of Shakspeare's *Merchant of Venice* and *Hamlet*, and Kotzebue's *Stranger*, all produced as represented before her Majesty, with the exception of *Hamlet*, which, for

want of proper capabilities, had the grave-digger's scene omitted in the performance at the palace. To enter into any æsthetical notice of these plays would be entirely superfluous, as the annotations of our best writers, and the frequent opinions of the press, have rendered the three productions familiar to every play-goer. It is needless to say that with the powerful casts by which they were sustained, their representation was all but perfect, and public approbation secured. Thus the example of the Queen has forced upon the Haymarket the adoption of a plan of management to which success was a certain contingency; and thus also the annals of managerial success have one more instance of good fortune being, as it were, forced upon an establishment by the influence of example and the tide of circumstances. Since the engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean at this theatre, the houses have been overflowing. Royalty has given to talent its true *prestige*, and the establishment that a few months back appeared going to decay, is now realising the best anticipations of its proprietor. Mr. Webster may well, therefore, receive the appellation of "The Fortunate Manager:" for one more favoured by adventitious circumstances does not exist; and yet we cannot conceal from ourselves that one more seldom guided by considerations for the true interests of the drama is not to be found at any managerial helm in the Metropolis—that self-aggrandisement and a full treasury are the points for which we fear he too often steers; and that so long as self-love and cupidity are gratified he does not concern himself with the prosperity of the stage or the upholding of its institutions. We are thus plain, for it is time to dispel the delusion under which many labour with respect to Mr. Webster's claims upon public esteem as a theatrical director. That he is a peculiarly lucky man, we have already seen; but that he repays the source of his good fortune with any sincere attempt to place the actor and the drama where they ought to be we must deny; his policy being exclusively self-interested, without one sympathy towards his brethren of the sock and buskin, or one real impulse in favour of an establishment towards which the wisest and the best have contributed, as one entitled to be upheld amid the temples of the human race. Audiences do not approve of a manager engrossing all the good parts, however unfitted for him. Now the idea of one actor performing a Yorkshire bumpkin, a Modus, a Don Cæsar de Bazan, and a Sir John Falstaff, is rather too much. We remember him in *Mungo*, in which he had to sing,

"Mungo here—Mungo there—
Mungo everywhere."

A couplet that now would be truly applicable, were he to substitute the name Webster for Mungo. Towards authors he is equally on the side of self. The farce of the prize comedy opened our eyes to his claim to the character of a Mæcænus; and had that been insufficient, he would have done so by his constant habit of thrusting his own translations from the French upon the town in preference to the productions of men of genius now pining in obscurity. It would seem as if he could not endure that any star should shine in his own hemisphere. It may be asked how it is that with such a system of management Mr. Webster has succeeded at all? We repeat by good luck alone. The dramatists he does employ are men whose name are alone sufficient to draw full houses; the disasters which of late years have attended the two national theatres have occasioned his to be the only major house left to visit; and, lastly, the timely hand that has been stretched by royalty to sustain the falling drama at large, it has been his lot to grasp with scarcely a competitor. But the most prosperous day has its night; and had not Mr. Webster speedily taken Time by the forelock as he has done by the engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, and otherwise improved his tactics, he may depend upon it he would have speedily encountered a reverse as signal as it was deserved. He has recently given token of improvement. Let him, then, continue to engage additional talent—let him give merit its due reward—and let him abstain from longer placing himself in the way of actors and writers of talent, and he may yet deservedly retain the fortune that he has so undesignedly and unexpectedly experienced through the example of royalty and its consequent influence on the public.

ST. JAMES'S.

Mr. Mitchell has commenced his season with a lyrical *troupe*, for the purpose of performing a series of works from the repertory of the French Opera Comique. Genius belongs to no nation, and we are sufficiently cosmopolitan in our notions to hail its appearance with welcomings, from whatever quarter it dawns—but then it must not only be genius, but something of a sort in which we are ourselves deficient, or at all events

superior to the specimens possessed by our own country. And in this there is sound policy, for nothing accelerates the progress of high art and civilisation more than the constant study of the best models—for which reason our own institutions are always open to professors of celebrity: and public taste and individual merit both reap advantage by the importation. When, however, our own professors are as far advanced as proficiency can make them, the acquisition of foreign talent is unnecessary, and its patronage unjust. A Paganini, a Lind, a Mendelssohn, are thrice welcome to our shores, because they bring with them powers to which we have been hitherto strangers, and lay the foundation for national improvements in their respective arts. But an actress of less pretensions than Mrs. Charles Kean, a composer less gifted than John Barnett, and a songstress of inferior powers to those of Miss Lucombe, would be nothing more than intruders, as in the gifted individuals we have named we already possess artists sufficiently illustrious for the province to which they have devoted themselves. Bring your painters, your sculptors, your architects, and your engineers by shoals, if they can outvie our Stanfields, our Behnes, our Barries, or our Brunels. Let us have French actors, German singers, and Italian musicians to any extent, but let them possess either original or surpassing talents. By the same rule we give greeting to the members of the Opera Comique with the heartiest good will, for they possess a special talent which it will be well for our native lyrical artistes to study—ease, grace, and a perfect abandonment to the business of the scene; were not this the case, the introduction of foreign competition would be impertinent and uncalled-for. Ere we complain of the patronage directed to the Opera Comique, let us ask ourselves whether the claims of Mr. Mitchell and his *troupe* are not fairly founded, or whether the company is not in every respect superior, at least in *ensemble*, to anything that has appeared on the London stage? If this be the case—and that it is so none will gainsay—let Mr. Mitchell reap the reward of his enterprise; and we, for one, will not join in the illiberal outcry and parrot song about the augmentation of imported attractions, or view with disfavour any speculation that must in the end prove beneficial to native talent. If France has not set us the example of too much liberality in similar respects, shall this be a sufficing reason not to encourage foreign celebrities where the advantages must prove reciprocal?

But we must now speak of the artistes, who have been selected from the Paris, Brussels, and French provincial theatres; also of the performances, which across the Channel are the most popular of all the different species of theatrical entertainment. The orchestra is admirably balanced, and is composed of our best instrumentalists, under the able direction of M. Hanssens, who will be remembered as the conductor attached to the Brussels company. In this department everything has been provided with excellent judgment and enlarged liberality. There is certainly no better orchestra in Paris, or one more efficient for performing comic operas with Parisian completeness. The season opened with Paer's *Maitre de Chapelle*, and Auber's delicious opera *Le Domino Noir*. The first is the work of the last great musician who belonged to the race of Italian composers whose school was superseded by Rossini. It has been wisely reduced to one act, but the music which has been retained abounds in grace, harmony, and sweetness. The principal characters are a half-crazed *maestro* and his pupil, between whom some amusing scenes occur similar to those in *Il Fanatico per la Musica* and *La Prova d'un Opera Seria*. The characters were agreeably acted and sang by M. Beauce and Mademoiselle Gouchard. The lady was attached to the Brussels *troupe*, and the gentleman has sufficient voice, but lacks finish.

Le Domino Noir is, in our estimation, Auber's most charming work; and Scribe's drama, to which the music is wedded, has been made familiar to English play-goers, having been translated for Madame Vestris at the Olympic Theatre some years ago; at the Adelphi, for Mrs. Yates; at Covent Garden, for Miss Shirreff; and at the Haymarket, for Madame Thillon; but of all and every of these personators we prefer the acting and singing of Madlle. Charton. She is arch and lady-like, and her musical phrasing is correct and piquante. Her reception was most gratifying, and she was greatly applauded. M. Coudere is the original representative of Horace. He is a finished artiste, with a pleasing tenor voice, and is a capital light comedian. The company is well selected, and act closely and generally well with each other—an incalculable advantage in producing the unity which can alone give perfection to lyrical performances. The *Ambassadrice* has been also given with an effect quite equal to that produced in Paris. The houses have been excellent, and attended by the highest musical and aristocratic *dilettanti*.

SURREY.

The sterling nature of the entertainments with which this theatre opened under the new management proved so attractive that they have been continued all the month until

last week, when a change was made in the bills for the purpose of giving the public a foretaste, as it were, of another novelty, of which green-room report has spoken highly. Much was not to be expected from two dramas avowedly got up in haste to serve as a stop-gap; nevertheless, they not only met with complete but *deserved* success. The first is entitled *A Night in the Tower; or, the Mystery and the Court Revels*. It is one of those productions that to anticipate the plot by detail, is to mar the whole of the interest; as it snaps, beforehand, the chain by which the auditor is held from the first scene to the last. Suffice it, therefore, to say that it afforded an opening for some exquisite scenery and some very telling situations—above all, for some first-rate acting by Messrs. Shepherd and Lyon, supported by the abilities of Madlle. Ponisi and Mrs. H. Brookes. The former lady improves greatly on acquaintance, and will prove an acquisition to the stage. A new version of an old story followed in the shape of a comedieta, entitled *The Midnight Watch*. It is laid in the period of the old French Revolution. Pierre Dunois (Emery) having neglected his watch, is sentenced by Robespierre to die, and the interest of the piece is created by the consequent scenes betwixt the condemned man and Minette, his wife, admirably played by Mrs. Tellett. The oft-repeated incident of Robespierre dying just in time to save the life of the prisoner, winds up the piece, which affords a scope for some really good acting on the part of Mr. Emery and Mrs. Tellett. The pantomime maintains its well-deserved position, but will, we presume, be superseded before our next by some fresh novelty. Our opinion on this point is guided by the spirit of enterprise by which the management has been marked ever since it commenced its labours.

MARYLEBONE.

The literary importance into which this theatre appears determined to rise renders us always certain of being gratified when we wend our way to the far-off Paddington. This has been specially verified during the past month, in which the management has signalled itself by the production of a play, in five acts, from the pen of Mrs. Mowatt, an American actress, who has already successfully produced the piece in the United States, and who is now starring at the Marylebone. The title of the play is *Armand; or, the Peer and the Peasant*. The Duke de Richelieu, minister of Louis XV., has a daughter, named Blanch, for whom the monarch has conceived a strong passion. The Cardinal, to save her from the libertine approaches of the King, has concealed her under an assumed name with one Dame Babette, in whose humble dwelling she becomes attached to Armand, a peasant youth. Richelieu, to guard against the wiles of the King, and her passion for a low-born youth, administers a sleeping draught, under the influence of which she may be supposed to be dead. Thus the pseudo French Virginian hopes to save his daughter. Of course Blanche recovers, and is carried away by the King, and Armand becomes a soldier, and does deeds of heroism at Fontenay, and discovers that Blanche is in the land of the living and more lovely than ever, and he rates soundly the King for his wicked views, and coaxes and threatens by turns, and Richelieu confesses that Blanche is his legitimate child, and the King consents to the union of the true lovers, and all ends happily. All the characters talk very poetically, and there is no moral blemish throughout. It is a play, however, rather of speeches than dialogue. There are several effective scenes, amongst which we may cite the interview between Louis and Armand, when the former, moved by sympathy, presents him with a commission for the army. A nunnery scene is also good, where the lovers become aware of their relative positions, and mutually desire a re-union. Mrs. Mowatt fully impresses her audience with the purity of the character, while she completely identifies herself with the spirit of the scene. Mr. Davenport acted Armand with a chivalrous feeling, though there is a seeming affectation in his enunciation which somewhat mars the effect. He is, nevertheless, the best American actor we have seen. The play was greatly successful and the author-actress narrowly escaped a floral suffocation. The scenery is finely painted, and the costumes correct and gorgeous. The houses have been excellent.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

In a country like this, where art is at its highest; intelligence at its loftiest; and wealth at an almost unlimited extent, it is due that the best of everything should be had for its price. But this is not always the case with our public places of amusement, and we are unwillingly compelled to remark that Astley's Amphitheatre affords an instance of which it is high time to speak. The charge for admission is the same as at the Adelphi

theatre, and about double that of the Surrey—which may now be considered as the chief theatre south of the Thames—and yet the entertainments and stage appointments are of the worst possible kind. It is indeed high time for a Franconi to bring the *troupe* of his *Cirque National de Paris* across the Channel when the only London establishment devoted to the classical art of equitation displays an indifference and a want of taste on the part of the management such as would leave the canvas of a horse-booth at a country fair to flutter without a solitary spectator. The recess has surely been long enough to afford scope for something on the olden scale, yet there is not the slightest evidence of either taste, judgment, or spirit. The genius of Ducrow no longer hovers o'er the scene, and all we witness is poor, trashy, meaningless, and common-place. We were present in the early part of the month at the representation of the Christmas novelties, with which the present season commenced. We went with every anticipation of being gratified, and full of the intention to impart gratification to our readers. The high-sounding announcement in the bills was as follows:—"A new gorgeous hippo-dramatic spectacle entitled, *The Wars of the Jews; or the Fall of Jerusalem and the Doomed City*. We pass over the anachronism of the title; we heeded it not as we perused the bill; our thoughts were only upon the "gorgeous spectacle," and we passed into a seat. Now as we have hitherto understood the term "gorgeous," it has always conveyed to us the idea of splendour, high art, and beauty; whereas Mr. Batty has given us a practical definition informing us that the word means a display of something very paltry, weak, and shabby. Scenery so coldly conceived, and executed with a hand so apparently immature; so faint in colour and spiritless in effect; so like the daubs of a fifth-rate country theatre, we never witnessed in a London establishment. The visitor to the threepenny gallery at the Victoria has a better display of art for his money. The piece itself is one tissue of inflated fustian, without plot to recommend it, incident to enliven it, or a single redeeming thought or expression to entitle it to leniency. The same events recur throughout; the same situations are tortured into variety from beginning to end, and beyond the fact that Jerusalem is threatened and its inhabitants are alternately inclined to abandon and defend it, the spectator gathers nothing but dulness and confusion. In almost every scene a Jewish priest and his daughter are separated by force or mischance, but she is always recovered either through the instrumentality of her father, her lover, or a slave expressly introduced for the sake of lugging a low comedian into the piece. This character is by turns a coward, a hero, a fool, and a clever fellow, according to the convenience of the author and the exigencies of the incident in which he assists. When the dialogue has been unusually dull he is made to fling himself upon the ground in fear of a woman; yet, in the next scene, when a burst of applause is required, he is made to rush on and save his mistress against fearful odds. In what are termed the "carpenters' " scenes he utters stale jokes to amuse the audience whilst the "set" is preparing; and in every instance of a naughty Roman attempting naughty tricks he has something recon-dite to enunciate of so ponderous a nature that we wonder Balaam's ass was not introduced for the purpose of supporting the part. Herr Hengler gave an excellent display of tight-rope dancing, but the equestrian exercises which followed brought Franconi's *troupe* in towering contrast to our minds. As for the pantomime of *Bold Robin Hood; or, the Pretty White Horse and Enchanted Princess of Sherwood Forest*, we could not sit it out. The house was empty, cold, and cheerless.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The most erudite as well as the most unlearned cannot fail of appreciating the *Judas Maccabeus* of the immortal Handel. Grandeur and sublimity mark it throughout as the conception of high genius; and miserable as is the text—which the author, Dr. Morell, furnished in the space of a single month—the music of the magnificent oratorio will stand the test of time as long as time itself shall last. It is a mournful reflection, however, that in general the composers of such mighty works have seldom had the opportunity of hearing their own productions delivered with all the force for which capabilities had been furnished. They had that privilege of an inspired fancy to imagine the effect of such a chorus as "See the conquering hero comes," and others, being thundered forth from a hundred throats, but there existed no appliances to realise the conception. In these days, however, the case is altered. The name of our tuneful hosts is "Legion;" and the band brought by Costa to aid the orchestra and chorus of the Sacred Harmonic Society, rival in numbers and excellence all that can be boasted on the banks of the Rhine or the Danube.

The *Judas Maccabeus*, upon its last performance, was supported by a choral force

unparalleled for magnitude and power in England, and which may almost be considered a novelty even in the land where it was composed—such has been the neglect with which it has been treated until its present resuscitation. Costa has disciplined this array into a precision, a force, of the most brilliant and perfect kind, and the superb choruses of the "mighty Dutchman," experienced a fitting delivery.

This oratorio was written and hastily composed between the 9th of July and the 11th of August, to be performed in honour of the famous Duke of Cumberland, in 1746, on his return from Scotland after the battle of Culloden; but though thus a mere occasional performance, it has not, with all its faults, been surpassed even by Handel himself. Like his *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*, the subject was compiled by the composer himself from the Scriptures; despite, therefore, of the doggerel into which they were thrown by Morell, the inspiration of the master began with the beginning and went on to the end. Hence is it that to choruses so tamely worded we have strains of such stupendous grandeur and variety of expression. The united voice of a people passing from the depth of woe to the height of joy and the extremity of triumph—from devotion to mental ardour, and from prostration of soul to the most elevating excitement, are depicted with such mastery of construction, with so facile an employment of all the resources of harmony and counterpoint in the production of the simplest and grandest effects, that Handel must have contemplated that some time or another this display of his gigantic powers would become developed by masses such as in our own time we see bodily employed.

Some omissions were made, but they were judicious: consisting of long heavy recitatives, laboured and loaded with formal divisions unsuitable to modern taste. The following six songs were also struck out, these being, for the soprano: "Come, ever smiling Liberty;" for the alto, "So rapid thy force is;" for the basso, "With pious hearts;" and for the tenor, the three songs commencing respectively, "No unhallowed desire," "How vain is man," and "With honour let desert be crowned;" but the discretionary power has been used with great judgment, as those pieces had been supplementary from their first introduction. The remaining portion of the oratorio was given with excellent effect, Miss Birch singing the soprano part with brilliancy and care, and the Misses Williams executing their portions in a manner that must enhance their reputation. H. Phillips was in good voice; Sims Reeves was evidently suffering from indisposition, we are therefore unable to form a judgment of his advance in sacred music—the most difficult of all styles. He received the indulgence due to one with gifts so magnificent and popularity so great. The best pieces were "Pious orgies," "Oh, Liberty!" "Sound an alarm!" "Oh, lovely peace," and "See the conquering hero comes." The hall was densely crowded.

WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

The series of fifteen musical *ré-unions* under the above title has reached the tenth night, which was distinguishable for the appearance of Miss Lucombe, one of our very best native vocalists, and the re-appearance of M. Thalberg, who played for the last time at these concerts prior to his departure for the provinces. Miss Lucombe's reception was most enthusiastic, and her interpretation of Beethoven's fine scena, "Ah perfido!" truly admirable. In Auber's ballad, "The Breeze," she won an unanimous encore, and narrowly escaped being called upon for a repetition of "I've been roaming" and a song of Alexander Lee's, which were introduced by her in the second part. M. Thalberg has proved a great source of attraction, and his wondrous mastery over the instrument has created a perfect *furor*. We do not admire the system pursued by Mr. Reeves, of introducing a regular series of antiquated ballads, and would strongly recommend, if he wishes to maintain his popularity, this should be abandoned by him, as it is neither calculated to advance the musical taste of the public, nor be of permanent benefit to the spirited director. We ought not to omit mentioning one of the important features of the month has been the introduction of a selection of music from Macfarren's beautiful opera *Don Quixote*.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

We never visit this establishment without finding some new attraction, either in art or science. On the last occasion of going there we found two matters of interest to engross our attention. The first was a lecture "On the Cultivation of the Voice, and the Art of Singing," by G. Clifford; and the second a new series of dissolving views, illustrative

of the operations of the gold-finders in California, and of various scenes in Mexico. The subject of the lecture, as our readers are aware, is one of marked interest to us, and we gave it our undivided attention. Mr. Clifford participated in our own views that the knowledge of the principles of music ought to be more general amid the middle and lower classes of the population of England, and that such would have a refining effect. He was of opinion that the knowledge of notes should be taught as in Germany, with the alphabet, and form a branch of education in all schools, national, grammar, and otherwise. In Germany there was not a person who could not take part in an anthem, psalm, madrigal, or glee. Mr. Clifford then dwelt on the merits of class-singing as a system, and recommended the principles on which pupils should be taught, giving practical examples, and delighting his audience by the sweetness of his voice. He dwelt upon the importance of teaching pupils to produce the sound for each note from the chest, instead of from the throat or through the nose; the first producing a guttural sound, the second a nasal one. Care must be taken, added the lecturer, not to omit the sound through the teeth, but to produce the notes from the chest; opening the mouth gradually, swelling each note, and then diminishing it. These, and other instructions, were listened to with marked interest, and elicited much applause; several of his songs were encored.

The new dissolving views of California are not equal to the old ones; they lack the brilliancy of colouring and finish exhibited by their predecessors, to which, as works of art, they are far inferior. It seemed to us as if a mist prevailed before each view; and certainly the effects were nothing like what we have seen before in the same place. Doubtless the eagerness to satisfy public curiosity with regard to the scenes now exciting so much of the popular attention, has caused the drawings to be prepared with undue haste. If that be the case, we hope that when the novelty has worn off and a new series of views are again contemplated, we shall be presented with something after the olden style. The rooms were thronged, and the other attractions appeared as popular as ever.

OUR MUSICAL REVIEW.

EWER AND CO.

SECOND SET OF TWO PART SONGS FOR TWO SOPRANI. F. MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLODY.

—This is No. 5 of a second set of songs now publishing; and to which the strains of immortality have been wedded by one who has since been himself forced to bow to the mortal stroke. We never look upon a composition of Mendelssohn's without experiencing an excitement of feeling composed of melancholy, emotion, and enthusiasm, such as throws us into exactly the frame he most desired for the due appreciation of his works. We think of him as we do of Elijah—caught up in the midst of heavenly inspiration to the celestial source of all idea, and in so conceiving, our admiration becomes almost a devotion. That such a man should have left the world in the very zenith of his powers will occasion a constant source of regret; but reflections upon the subject are ineffectual for any useful purpose. Mendelssohn's was the common lot of genius, and we have in his case only one more verification of the words of the poet, who sung—

“All that's bright must fade;
The brightest still the briefest.”

Let us, however, turn from these gloomy reflections to the task of reviewing the brilliant works before us.

No. I. *THE SABBATH MORN.* Poetry by Uhland.—Wherever devotion was the pervading sentiment of a song, the soul of Mendelssohn appears to have embraced it as something akin to herself. The present composition, although the least striking of the set, is full of evidence to that effect; and we could ourselves rejoice to hear it on a Sabbath morning, even with the church bells chiming in our ear. It is in E flat, and possessed of a flowing melody, most deliciously voiced and charmingly accompanied.

No. II. *THE HARVEST FIELD.*—This is a translation, set in A, from *Das Dehnenfeld*

a song descriptive of a festival common in Germany, and during which a fair is generally held in the village churchyard at the time of harvest. Music, mimes, the corn-field, and the grave, all brought together! Such a theme was only suitable to a Mendelssohn, and he has treated it in his most masterly style. The words of the ballad are themselves beautiful in the extreme, and the character of the original has been so admirably preserved by the translator that we shall quote them at length, in order that our appreciation of the music may be duly understood. They are as follows:—

"Such life was in the harvest field
As nowhere else the earth did yield;
With fair-time sports did joy abound—
Music and mirth were all around.
Crickets chirp'd at break of day,
Inviting all good company—
Come hither—come—we have good cheer;
Bright dew and honey sweets are here.
The chafer came his mate to woo,
And drank her health in cooling dew;
And wand'ring bees stopped by the way,
Where'er a flowret bade them stay.
The flies they revelled all day long,
And hummed full many a cheerful song.
The gnats danced up and down the more
The sunny rays shed forth their store.
With song, and dance, and mirth did blend,
As though the feast would never end.
The guests went in and out apace,
And joy was seen in every face.
But how the world to time must yield!
Reapers to-day have cleared the field.
This pretty house is now undone,
And dance and fair-time joys are gone."

To the above words the composer has added notes of such lightness and fancy as to lead us almost to suppose that as they arose in his imagination they took wings and flew. The harmony of the insect creation is conveyed to the life; and we hear, as it were, the very crickets chirp and the gnats hum as they flutter about; all is tender, dream-like, and sunny; the modulations are exquisitely conceived, and in a spirit that reminds us of the overture and voice-parts of the composer's undying *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Altogether the gem is one of the brightest ever fused in the alembic of the brain.

NO. III. WHY LISTEN TO THE CAROLS?—Song from the *Ruy Blas* of Victor Hugo, to which Mendelssohn wrote the incidental music and overture. This is another composition destined to immortality. It was composed originally with string quartette accompaniments for six or eight soprani, but was subsequently arranged by the great composer himself for the pianoforte, and who has added at the termination accompaniments for it as a quartette. The words do not possess the merit of "The Harvest Field," but the music is equally a flash of soul throughout—full of joy, softened off into that exquisite expression of tenderness which only Mendelssohn can convey. A singularly-charming effect is produced by the accompaniment frequently rising above the voice, and being diversified throughout by such delicious gushes of crescendo as to render the impression on the hearer transporting.

WESSEL AND CO.

FIFTH SET OF SIX GERMAN SONGS. Composed by Bernhard Molique. The English versions by Leopold Wray.—These compositions are the continuation of four sets of six German songs which have previously appeared by the eminent composer and violinist whose name appears upon the title-page. The first, entitled "OH! WERE MY SOUL A MELODY," is in A, 3-4 time. The melody is soft and flowing, and where the first portion is repeated at the end the accompaniment is most beautiful. The words are pretty, and full of feeling.—"OH! WERE MY BELOVED ONE DEAD." This is in G minor, and characterised by those mournful passages in which the gifted composer so much delights: together with that peculiarity of rendering the voice rather an accompaniment to the music, than the music to the voice, of which he is so frequently enamoured, and effects without rendering the composition crude.—"THE

PINKS MY GARDEN PERFUMING. This is another composition in A minor; it is chaste and graceful, and entirely unmarked by those common-places and turns which the imitators of Molique are so much in the habit of spoiling—works, which though of the same school do not possess anything of the romance of the great original.—“**THE SPRING IS GREEN.**” A sweet little song in 9-8 time. This air is not, as usual with Molique, of a mournful character; in this he shows his facility of adapting his thoughts to his subject. The words of the song are lively, and the composer has imbued his notes with a similar spirit.—“**THE LEAVES ARE RUSTLING.**” In E, 9-8 time. The words are more than commonly pleasing, and breathe a spirit the composer has finely caught. They are full of passion, which the music admirably expresses; and where the adieu is given the passage is, with consummate taste, altered to 6-8 time, with an *arpeggio* accompaniment, consisting of all sorts of beautiful modulations. The third time the adieu recurs a beautifully-flowing accompaniment is substituted for the *arpeggio*.—“**MILD IS THE NIGHT.**” This is the last of the present set, and is a Venetian gondolier's song, in 6-8 time. It abounds with the usual luxuriance of Molique's imagination, commencing with a plaintiveness suited to the scene and period, and possessing an accompaniment that gives a charming idea of the rippling of water. Upon the whole, however, we do not consider them fully equal to the preceding sets; notwithstanding which they quite sustain the fame of the composer.

LEE AND COXHEAD.

THE POLISH POLKA. By Kuhe Lindoff.—If the ladies who dance polkas in Poland resemble the pair of exquisite fair ones engraved on the title-page of this very pretty piece of music, we should be most happy to dance polkas with them. The colouring, however, is not in such good taste as the drawing. The dance is lively, and arranged in good taste. At the change of key, a solo for the cornet occurs, which no doubt will be very effective.

THE OLYMPIC POLKA. By Wellington Guernsey.—The rage for polkas is on the increase. We are inundated with them; but the lively effect they produce the moment we place them before us upon the instrument is such that we cannot resist hailing each new claimant to our attention with a welcome. “The Olympic Polka” might form the accompaniment to a dance of fairy steeds; it is lively and inspiring. The illustration, representing an ancient warrior in his car, drawn by three fiery horses, is a gem of art worthy of being framed.

LE JEUNE BRAVE GARDE. A March. Arranged by Adolph Shubert.—We have been accustomed to hear this march almost daily ever since its introduction into this country. It is a brilliant and animating composition, and in Frankfurt, where we have likewise heard it, it has the effect of setting every foot in motion the moment its first notes are heard, and is almost considered a national air. The song has a well-coloured frontispiece representing one of “*Le Jeune Brave Garde*” saluting his superior officer.

THE GOOD TIME'S COME AT LAST; OR, THE RACE TO CALIFORNIA. By “One of the Golden Fleece.”—This is a comic song, set to the old humorous air of “Bow, wow, wow.” The words are descriptive of the present mania for gold, and the subject is cleverly and laughably treated. We predict that the chorus of “Gold, gold, gold,” will soon be universally caught up.

E. RANSFORD.

THE CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S POLKA. By G. Herbert Rodwell.—Another polka! composed, too, by one of our popular writers. The air is quite mirth-inspiring, and would no doubt become popular, but we fear that few ladies will be able to play the number of octaves introduced in proper polka measure. The title-page is encircled with the prettiest wreath of holly, and bears at its foot the most lively sprig of mistletoe conceivable. Drawing and colouring are both full of nature, and the first glance puts all manner of thoughts concerning Christmas and cherry lips into our heads. The Polka danced beneath such emblems in reality would doubtless have an accompaniment such as the composer never contemplated.

CRAMER, BEALE, AND CO.

THE LONELY ROSE. Balfe.—This is one of those happy productions which carry the prestige of success from every point of view, and command the gale of good fortune to blow from all quarters at once, like the wind at the equinox. In the first place the song is the composition of Mr. Balfe, and, in addition to its intrinsic merits, carries with it the recommendation of having emanated from the source of “The Light of other Days.”

Secondly : It is in itself a perfectly Bæfian melody, possessed of all the sweetness and tuneful properties which have rendered that composer so popular; and, thirdly, it has afforded the Swedish Nightingale her first opportunity of warbling in English a song composed expressly for her. This circumstance alone will suffice to place it on every pianoforte throughout the kingdom, and enable the publishers to reap an ample profit from the composition, notwithstanding the liberal terms they are said to have given for the copyright. We, ourselves, welcome "The Lonely Rose" most cordially, as a fit offering for a Nightingale and as a little national link to unite our own homebred lyrics with the pieces of foreign masters and render us content with the notes of the lark as well as delighted with the carollings of Continental song-birds.

THEORY OF THE NEW PATENT DIATONIC FLUTE. By Alfred Siccama, B.A. It is pleasing to observe the progress that of late years has been made in the improvement of musical instruments, but the most ardent lovers of the art have never yet been led to expect or hope a participation of such benefits by the flute. Great as is the favouritism for this instrument its faultiness has always been acknowledged. Amateurs need not be told that the imperfections of the instrument consisted in its falseness of intonation. That evil has been overcome by Mr. Siccama, whose knowledge of acoustics and masterly experiments have enabled him to render the flute as perfect as the violin, so that it may be played on in tune in every key. Mr. Siccama will henceforth give his name to the present epoch as the founder of the perfected flute. His principles are ably and clearly explained in the work before us, by which it appears that the diatonic requires no alteration in the usual mode of fingering. The author and patentee deserves the admiration of all men of science, and the warmest thanks of those who admiring the flute have hitherto reluctantly been inclined to advocate its banishment from our minstrelsy.

COCKS AND CO.

COCKS'S MUSICAL ALMANACK FOR 1849. This is a novelty, happily conceived and admirably carried out. We do not remember that it possesses a predecessor, but we are certain it is destined to have a progeny of numerous successors. It is at once a book of musical reference and an almanack, combining with the ordinary calendar of the days of the month a chronological table of the principal musical events which have signalised the various periods of the year. It possesses also all the information usually contained in an almanack and an anecdotal record of those musicians, composers, and singers who rendered each month most famous by their performance. The work is printed in large type, on excellent paper, and will doubtless be gladly welcomed in every music-room, where a reference to the statistics of the musical world is so often desirable.

JEFFREYS AND CO.

The Opera of *Marie, or the Foundling of the Lake*, lately performed at the Princess's theatre, is replete with charming melodies; among the most striking are the following:—

COME MY LOVE, MY DEAREST. A graceful serenade in B flat, 6-8 time, agreeably voiced. It is equally adapted for the stage or the boudoir.

I MUST DEPART. A pretty, smoothly-written air in A. The modulation into its relative minor produces a pleasing effect, which is also admirably adapted to the sentiment conveyed by the words.

THE BARCAROLE in G is as familiar to us as most airs which, like this, have taken up their abode in barrel-organs for so long a period; we augur that this song will prove the ace of trumps for the publisher.

MY DREAM OF BLISS IS FADED. Ballad sung by Miss Poole in A flat, 3-4 time. This song cannot fail to be found in every drawing-room where beautiful ballads find a home. The accompaniment is novel and pleasing, and there is but little execution needed.

I LOVED HIM ONCE. Ballad in E, common time. The modulations throughout are fresh and charming; the song is pregnant with melody and pathos.

Upon the whole, it is a long time since we have seen so pretty a selection of ballads from one opera.

LITERARY MIRROR.

TREVETHLAN; A CORNISH STORY. By William Davy Watson, Esq. In 3 vols.
London: Smith and Elder. 1848.

It is some time since we have perused a novel with more unfeigned pleasure than we have done the work of Mr. Davy Watson. The secret of the gratification it has afforded us lies in the fact that "Trevethlan" is distinguished from most of the novels which it has lately been our lot to notice by its singular purity of thought, its freshness, and the buoyancy breathing through its pages, which brightens our hearts as we read. The story is original and striking. Perhaps some may deny that the feuds between the two houses is in any way a new subject, and insist that the daughters and sons of these respective houses falling in love is by no means a novel incident. We do not pretend that they are, but we contend that the treatment of these subjects is so new, the working out of the plot so unlike anything of the same description before written, that we do not hesitate to pronounce the story an original one. An old man is introduced at the point of death, in discourse with his son Randolph, to whom he is disclosing some portion of his life. He tells him that he loved once the original of the miniature he held upon his bosom, but that she having rejected him, and married his rival out of pique, he is, on pain of his curse, to hold no communication, or accept any favour from her or her family, unless he should afterwards discover that she has felt remorse for the part she has played towards him; in that case the feud is at an end. Randolph gives the promise—the father dies—he goes to London, and there falls in love, at the Opera, with Mildred, the daughter of his father's lover. This the reader, of course, would naturally expect. Her mother vows vengeance against the whole family, and follows with her hate and resentment the son of her old admirer. Her object is to get the estate left him into her own hands, and this she cannot hope to accomplish but by underhand and false means. For this purpose she employs one Michael Sinson, the low-born cousin of Randolph, to get up a case of false marriage, and prove the children illegitimate. A law-suit is the result of this, in which Mrs. Pendavrel triumphs, and the orphans are ejected from their castle. The subsequent recovery of their rights, the story of Mildred and Randolph's love, the marriage her mother would doom her to, are most interestingly worked out, as are all the little underplots and adventures springing therefrom. The incidents are so rapid that it would be vain to enter upon a minute analysis of them: nor would it, in fact, be desirable; much of the reader's interest depends upon his unravelling these details for himself. Some of the most beautiful portions of the novel are those which relate to the residence of Helen and Randolph in the castle, among its wild scenery, vividly described by the pen of Mr. Watson. The love subsisting between the brother and sister is touchingly described; and we feel sorry when the progress of events necessitates their departure from the castle of their forefathers. Helen, indeed, is throughout a sweet character—simple, unsophisticated, and enthusiastic; we like her better than Mildred, who is more unfeminine—rendered so, in fact, doubtless by her education. She is too much in a hurry. Though hard pressed, she should have fled to her sister for protection, rather than volunteer an elopement with Randolph; she would then have had time to work out her plans. Gertrude, unpromising as she is at first, wins upon us as we advance in the story, and as we see her acting as peacemaker, and nursing her haughty mother in her illness. It pleases us to see the good understanding likely to spring up between herself and her husband, whom she would not at first be at the pains to love or understand. Everope, the spendthrift, is well conceived; as is the villain of the piece, Michael Sinson, who plays his part to perfection. We take leave of the work, recommending it most strongly to our readers as one of the best novels of the season, remarkable for its purity and originality of conception.

SIX WEEKS IN CORSICA. Illustrated with fourteen highly-finished etchings. By William Cowen. London: Newby.

The fourteen etchings which illustrate this most amusing volume are in themselves more than worth its price. They have been executed with delicacy, truth, and much artistic skill; and though we associate with the name of Napoleon Buonaparte little save bloodshed and tyranny, yet we cannot refuse to look with interest upon the birth-place and the scenes of the early life of one whose abilities were so great, and whose career

was so remarkable. Accordingly when, in company with the talented artist and author of this volume, Mr. W. Cowen, we visit the room in which the great general was born—when we gaze upon the plain and unadorned interior of the house inhabited by him—when we look upon the prospect to be seen from his window, simple and characteristic as it is—when we view the wild and beautiful spot whither he retired when young to read—when we look upon the scenery amid which he was wont to wander—nay, even when we look upon the hat he wore at Austerlitz—we cannot avoid confessing that there is an interest attached to these things and associated with his name. That name has rendered Corsica famous; famous, as is too often the case, not because the great man it gave birth to was good or generous—not because he conferred benefit upon his fellow creatures or earned a title to the gratitude of men, but because he possessed a powerful mind, because he acted an important part in a wonderful drama, and was moreover successful. His triumphs, though bloody, were brilliant, and France forgot in her ecstasy of glory the price she paid for it, and thus the name of Napoleon became a shrine to which his fellow men throng in crowds to offer up the incense of adulation. For us the hero of Austerlitz has no other claim to the attention of mankind than the claim which a destroyer of his species and a tyrant should earn. But we digress from Mr. Cowen's volume. In addition to the fourteen beautiful etchings which contribute so largely to its value, the work is enlivened with a rich store of anecdotes. Our author's journey was one of much difficulty and no little danger, and the numerous adventures which occurred to him in the course of his tour give occasion for the relation of innumerable short and characteristic stories and incidents, which will render the volume pleasant to every reader. It is written in a light, easy, and rapid style, with few digressions. The suspicion to which Mr. Cowen was subject in consequence of its having been rumoured that he was a spy, contributed to the danger of the journey as much as it does to the amusement of the narrative. Nevertheless, this circumstance did not prevent Mr. Cowen from collecting a vast number of facts connected with the people, the manners, the customs, the religion—in a word, the civilisation of Corsica. Every incident related gives occasion for the relation of some anecdote such as the following:—

"The custom of hanging malefactors was hardly known in Corsica, in consequence of the difficulty of procuring a man to perform the hangman's office. This obstacle was, however, removed during the government of Paoli, and in a very singular way. A Sicilian had been sent with a message to the distinguished general, who, on beholding him—such was the quickness of his penetration in ascertaining the character from the countenance—immediately cried out, 'Ecco il boja!' 'Behold the hangman!' The man being subsequently asked whether he would accept the office of hangman, made the following remarkable reply:—

"My grandfather was a hangman, my father was a hangman, I have been a hangman myself, and am willing to continue so."

"He was placed in that office by Paoli, and such was the ignominy connected with death by the gallows, that after it had been adopted there was not, it is believed, more than one-twentieth part of the capital crimes committed that there would have been if the old and summary method of shooting criminals had been continued."

With such light and amusing matter Mr. Cowen has filled a neat and well got up volume—a volume which is as valuable as it is interesting. We know not which to praise most, the amusing and graphic matter contained in the text, or those delicate and beautifully-executed etchings which serve as the illustrations of the work. This is, in a word, a volume of most abundant and varied interest, adorned by sketches of the utmost beauty and taste.

PUBLIC GUARANTEE AND PRIVATE SURETYSHIP. By James Knight. Longman and Co.

This pamphlet will prove useful to the whole community, as it enters elaborately into the philosophy of a system newly introduced to public notice, and on which some of the most vital interests of mankind are dependent. Some great and wonderful improvement is awaiting the human race, and it is evident that times are coming to a glorious crisis. The work in question is in advocacy of a newly-instituted company, which is not only intended to prove that "Honesty is the best Policy," but that the best "POLICY" of Insurance is "HONESTY." We allude to the *United Guarantee and Life Assurance Company*, of which the pamphlet before us is an exposition. We need not tell the commercial world, and the countless numbers of young men employed to assist in its operations, that the subject of suretyship has always been a source of difficulty and annoyance. When a monied man takes into his services an individual in whom he will have to repose large trusts, the common weaknesses of our nature render it obviously essential to his

own safety that he should possess some guarantee for the fidelity of the person employed; to be afforded either by private bondsmen, or by deposit with employers of an amount of money equivalent to the surety required. But how often it happens that the friends of a young man, although possessing the means, are disinclined to risk them upon youth and immaturity of principle; other applicants for situations are without connections sufficiently affluent to be considered responsible as sureties, and thus many a talented and well-principled man is thrown upon the world to struggle with its hardships when he might have gained an honourable competence, with profit to his employer. Considerations of this description led to the idea, a few years back, of a Public Guarantee Company; in which the amount of suretyship should be regulated by rates of insurance. It was objected that, though we possessed data for the statistics of longevity and health, we had no tables on which to ground a calculation for fidelity of character. Professor De Morgan, however, of the London University, undeceived the public on this point; and we find in an article of his, which appeared in the *Dublin Review* for August, 1840, "that in the ordinary course of human affairs *great departures from the average do not exist on a large scale*. Whatever may be the fluctuations in one country, whether for good or evil, they are compensated in another, and, in a long succession of years, even in the same country. So far does this law extend, that it is found even in the indications of the *moral* as well as the physical state of society. It is now well known that the proportions of different crimes are as constant from year to year as those of different diseases; and statistical researches are daily making it more apparent that the operation of *law* extends itself even to those actions which in each particular case are dependent on the will of an individual. Numerically speaking, the number of persons out of a thousand, taken at *hazard*, who cannot resist a given temptation, should be found to be nearly the same as those out of *another* thousand who cannot resist it; and that the principles of insurance may be facilitated in their own comprehension by examining the method of proceeding, the precautions to be taken, and the dangers to be feared." The correctness of this startling doctrine being ascertained, a company was formed for purposes of suretyship alone; but subsequent considerations gave rise to the fear that the objects of the company were likely to be thwarted by the temptations it held out to delinquency without any counteracting inducements to an opposite course. Upon this the happy thought arose of a union between public guarantee and private assurance, by applying the ordinary modes of life assurance to the principles of guarantee for fidelity of pecuniary trust. The subject was at once taken up by influential men, and a company established on the principles proposed. Thus it becomes absolutely the interest of a man who assures in it to continue honest; for not only does he retain his means of livelihood thereby, but secures the amount assured for his family. The projector of this admirable institution is the author of the work under notice, and we call the attention of all our readers to its merits as a clear, perspicuous, and interesting detail of one of the noblest projects ever conceived. The interests of every man, superior or subordinate, are wrapped up in a scheme like this, which for magnitude, utility, and tendency, deserves to be treated as a Government question. It has been intimated that all the public offices will accept the guarantee of the company.

THE KING'S MUSQUETEER. An Historical Romance of the Days of the Huguenots. By Percy B. St. John. Simpkin and Marshall.

This second number is fully equal in ability and interest to the first. Mr. Percy B. St. John is peculiarly happy in this sort of romance, in which sturdy and generous men, riotous and dissipated cavaliers, proud and vain women, quaint and humorous characters, move in the background, assisting in the development of the plot, while the more important personages are acting their parts upon the stage. There is much power displayed in the manner in which the author of "The King's Musqueteer" gradually draws out his story, bringing by degrees every character into a stronger light as the tale proceeds, while those which are needed no longer recede from view, and at length lose themselves in the gloom—to re-appear, we suppose, when the exigencies of the story require it. There are several scenes of much originality in the present number. That in the chapel is especially well wrought out. The author has rendered himself familiar with all the events of the times in which his story is laid, and is consequently enabled to introduce into the thread of his fiction numerous historical events which add to the interest of the narrative. From the two numbers which have already appeared, "The King's Musqueteer" promises to be one of the best of Mr. Percy St. John's works. It fully sustains the widely-spread and well-deserved reputation which the author has acquired as a writer of fiction. Several characters strike us as exceedingly novel and well drawn. That of Captain Hector Trumper, however, is the most original and admirable. It is unlike

any which we have before seen delineated, and if carried on to the end with the same power will, of itself, confer great merit on the novel. Nor must we omit to notice the Monk, a jolly old fellow, who wins our regard, notwithstanding the fact that he is not the most severe ascetic in the world. With two such characters, and numerous others almost as well drawn, "The King's Musqueteer" promises to afford as much amusement as any serial which is now in course of publication. Indeed, it is worth half-a-dozen of the ordinary stories of the day. Novelty, interest and ability are among the merits which we look for in a work of fiction, and these Mr. St. John's new work of fiction contains in an eminent degree. The first number revealed the dawn of a story of great mystery and excitement; the second is well calculated to increase our desire to follow the fortunes of the hero. The plot unfolds itself rapidly; there is no tiresome reflection; the narrative flows on—adventure succeeds adventure; and the characters throughout, though placed in the most various and strange situations, preserve their identity—a circumstance not too often observed in works of fiction, in which it is not uncommon to meet with a character with a dozen faces, who appears, indeed, under different aspects, whenever the circumstances by which he is surrounded are altered. Such are generally the productions of inexperienced authors, who confuse themselves, and the personages whom they endeavour to draw; we are enabled only by reading names to discover the individuality of the characters. Mr. Percy B. St. John, on the contrary, is an experienced writer, possessing much skill in fiction. This novel promises to be as interesting as any which we have perused during the present season.

THE LADY ELLA. Or the Story of "Cinderella," in verse. By the authoress of "Hymns and Scenes in Childhood," &c. Burns.

This is a pretty and promising adaptation in verse of a tale with which all have been delighted in childhood. It is imbued with the sunlight of fancy, and will be perused with pleasure by all who have not yet steeped their senses in those loftier emanations of genius which must necessarily elevate the taste and operate against productions of this class, the highest claims to favour of which are prettiness of thought and simple purity of expression. It is a pity, however, that the authors of compositions of this kind are compelled to give them to the public without that revision which alone conduces to excellence. Many a poem like the volume before us possesses ideas of the best sort, but weakened and rendered ineffectual by faults of rhythm, rhyme, and metre; such is the case with "The Lady Ella;" nevertheless, as we have said before, it contains passages of much promise and beauty. The following extract will best exemplify the truth of our remark—

"For the wooing had sped—the wedding was come,
And gladly the bridegroom had welcom'd her home—
Home to his home—by that one sweet word
How many dreams of delight are stirr'd!"

The incidents of the story are the same as in the original tale. There are a few minor pieces appended of varied merit.

THE SONGS OF CHRISTIAN CHIVALRY. Another work by the same authoress as "The Lady Ella." Masters.

It is a metrical production much superior to the latter; boasts of language and ideas of a very superior description. We detect the same errors in rhyme and rhythm of which we have already complained, but these are compensated by a power and feeling which give us considerable hopes of the future fame of the fair authoress. We cannot, however, agree with her notions that religion is an object of universal oppression, as no institution is more jealously guarded.

THE EMIGRANT'S GUIDE TO CALIFORNIA. By a Traveller. Richardson, Cornhill.

The discovery of a new *El Dorado* was sure to elicit the experience of travellers upon the subject, and here we have an evidence before us of the fact. Hitherto but little has been known regarding the geography, climate, and various productions of California, now termed "the gold country," and we opened the book with considerable interest. It is apparently written with accuracy and truth, containing a minute description of the geography of California and its agricultural and commercial resources; a judiciously-arranged list of the commodities most desirable for exporting to that country, and other useful information for commanders of vessels and overland travellers through Texas. A sketch of San Francisco, an excellent map, and lastly, a "full, true, and particular account" of the gold districts, fill up some eighty pages with valuable readable matter. According to the author the place seems quite a Paradise, "possessed of fine harbours, the largest and safest in the world, and a fertile soil. Farming purposes can be carried out there with

great success and at an immense gain; cattle are grazing in numberless herds on the rich pastures in the prairies, with an abundance of game and animals, some of the latter yielding the most costly furs. Wheat grows naturally with eight ears on each stem, and would become the richest crop imaginable if cultivated; all the other European grains and vegetables are met with in abundance, likewise flax and hemp, tobacco, cotton, rice, timber, and the vine," &c., &c. Such of our readers as are desirous of learning more of the country in question will do well to peruse the work; which, however, appears to be the compilation of an able hand rather than the descriptions of actual experience.

BRITISH RAILWAY GUIDE. John K. Chapman and Co.

This is a monthly book of reference of equal value and utility to a Post-office directory or an almanack; portable in size, it is replete with every description of information likely to be needed by the traveller or merchant in connection with the transit of person or goods by any known means of conveyance throughout the united kingdom. The arrangement of the time-tables and other statistics is most lucidly effected, and understood at a glance; which is far from being the case with the other guides in existence. It contains, also, a railway and steam-packet directory; a stranger's guide in London; a table of cab and hackney-coach fares; the times of the departure of the omnibuses from all parts of London to the stations; the arranged communications between the main lines and the neighbouring towns and villages; a list of mail and steam-packets, foreign as well as British; a copious route directory, comprising the principal towns, with their market days; the time for the delivery of letters from London; the time the box closes for London; all the town and country stations, &c.; a monthly almanack and tide-table; and an immense map of all the railways in existence. Nothing can be more complete or more accurately arranged. It gives the professional man every information necessary, without sending out of his own office. All this intelligence, too, for sixpence! This is in reality throwing a sprat to catch a whale!

CHEMICAL MANIPULATION AND ANALYSIS: QUALITATIVE AND QUANTITATIVE. By Henry M. Noad. Baldwin.

This is a very extraordinary book, which in future will be found in every laboratory where chemistry is intended to be at all advanced. The author informs us in his preface that the present work was originally drawn up as part of a series of chemical treatises, commenced some years back in "The Library of Useful Knowledge," and only now resumed by its present publisher. Since that period the advance in chemistry has been gigantic, and consequently can no longer be treated in a general work upon the science. Hence the book before us, which carries the student through a series of investigations completely illustrative of the science in a theoretical as well as practical light. We can well understand the labour, mental and manual, necessary to be encountered in such a compilation, each fact being of necessity the result of experiment, each experiment the work of time, and we cannot too highly commend the elaborate care with which these facts are arranged in a series of chapters on the comportment of substances with reagents, on systematic qualitative analysis; the qualitative analysis of natural silicates and mineral waters; its detection of poisons; lists of the poisonous acids and metals; on the quantitative operations connected with specific gravity, measuring, weighing, and drying; on its estimation of substances and their separation from each other; on the elementary analysis of organic bodies; mineral waters, soils, ashes of plants, and a mass of other subjects of the deepest interest. Tables, complex in significance and simple in detail, illustrate the book throughout, and altogether furnish us with the best treatise of the kind that has yet come under our notice.

GOSSE'S POPULAR BRITISH ORNITHOLOGY. Reeve, Benham, and Reeve.

This was a book much wanted. We are so completely withdrawn from Nature by our worldly cares that men are frequently unacquainted with the names of even the simplest herbs and grasses of the field, and the most common bird that flies. We are acquainted with persons who cannot recognise a nightingale from a blackbird by either plumage or song, and who yet possess such a natural taste for ornithology, that they never catch sight of one or sound of the other without pausing to gaze or listen. To such the work before us will prove a boon of no common value, containing, as it does, the names, descriptions, and habits, of every bird that stretches its pinion beneath a British sky. These are accompanied by anecdotes of a charmingly interesting nature; but the attraction to which the book owes its chief value is the series of exquisitely-drawn and beautifully-coloured illustrations with which it abounds, and by which the most ignorant in Ornithology may learn to recognise every species of the feathered race. The plan on which the book is written is excellent; it is divided into twelve parts, each part devoted

to a different month, with a description of the birds most common to the period. This is a great improvement upon the system of indiscriminate classification, as it assists the memory and prevents confusion. Aided by the work in question, a few country rambles will render any man of observation a good ornithologist. To young ladies who wish to be guided in their selections of cage-birds it will furnish all the necessary hints; whilst the habits of the magpie, the raven, and other favourites of more elderly spinsters are described in a style so diverting and curious that we no longer wonder at the taste of those possessing a partiality for the birds in question. To artists the plates will prove invaluable, and the poet himself may gather much from the pages of the book that will assist him in his song. It is handsomely got up, and ought to find a place on the shelves of every book-case in the British isles. Mr. Gosse is already favourably known as the author of "The Ocean," "The Birds of Jamaica," &c.

TRACTS FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF OUR POPULAR LITERATURE. No. III. Containing Physiology: its Moral, Political, and Hygeinic Teachings. An Essay, in blank verse. Churchill.

We neither like presumption nor innovation; both of which are prominent in the work before us, which in other respects is not deficient of poetic merit; though, at times, "the blank verse halts" most lamentably, and the rhythm is as uneven as one of the corduroy highways in America. Our charge of presumption is grounded on the title. The author must produce something of more weight ere he be entitled to elect himself an "improver" of popular literature. We presume the *improvement* he imagines he has effected is the treatment of medical subjects in verse; but to this innovation we greatly object. Works on physiology must contain much subject-matter repugnant to the female eye, and we find such books avoided by all with delicate minds; but when it comes in disguise no precaution can guard against the issue. We quote at random a few lines to prove that the volume before us is not calculated to disprove our remarks, and likewise as a specimen of the author's powers:—

"Wealth squandered, then, begets the timeless death
Of unprovided babes or else promotes
Celibacy, (state which Nature most
Repugns;) whence fornication follows next,
Wedlock's inevitable substitute.
Adultery, infanticide ensue," &c.

Now this is anything but poetry; and certainly is not the mental food we should submit to our wives and daughters. Nor can we approve of a number of juvenile poems on love, &c., being appended to a work of speculative science. Here and there, however, there are thoughts containing some promise. The following stanza of the last piece in the book is pretty:—

"Oh! Blest, past words expressing, he
Who first in *love* shall tutor thee!—
First hear thy quiv'ring lip confess
That he has taught thee happiness!"

The punctuation throughout is execrable, a fault one hardly would expect in a work designed for "the improvement of popular literature."

THE CODE OF SAFETY. By G. F. Collier, M. D. Published by the Author, Spring-gardens.

The well-earned eminence of Dr. Collier gives a value to any production from his pen, particularly when, as in the present instance, it is employed to avert and overcome a great coming evil. The book before us is a treatise on the causes, effects, and aids, preventative and curative, of Asiatic cholera and other epidemics. We will not stop to criticise the style, which bears evident marks of haste, but of this the author may be excused on account of his natural impatience to lay his work before the public ere too late. Of the subject-matter we can speak with unqualified praise. It abounds with information and valuable advice, and will be of use to the faculty as well as the public in general.

MARKWICK ON THE SKIN AND THE USES OF THE NEW EPITHEMS.

This is a work avowedly written at the request of the Epithem Company, and intended to introduce to the notice of the medical profession the IMPERMEABLE SPONGIO PILINE and IMPERMEABLE PILINE, two newly-discovered and invaluable substitutes for poultices. The work contains a great deal of valuable information respecting skin diseases, and is a pocket volume that will be found useful to all.